C-2

Northern Messenger

W Branscombe 1902
KILLAMS MILLS NB

VOLUME XXXVII. No. 9. MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 28, 1902. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

The Medicine-Man's Curse

AN INCIDENT OF HOME MISSIONS.

(By the Rev. N. B. Rairden, in 'Christian Endeavor World.')

The Kiowa Indians were once a powerful tribe roaming over the Dakotas, and frequently at war with neighboring tribes when they were first discovered by the white men. They were driven southward by the more powerful Sioux until they finally settled in Kansas and Colorado.

Their numbers have been depleted by war, but more by various epidemics. They are a fine people, very proud-spirited and independent.

Their religion was idolatry, the worship of the sun, trees, and other inanimate objects.

They are now settled upon a reservation in southern Oklahoma.

Little has ever been done toward their evangelization until the last few years. Their medicine-men, who are supposed to exert supernatural power, were greatly revered and feared because of their supposed power for evil. Soon after missionaries were sent to this tribe, the hostility of the medicine-men became very pronounced, and they sought in every possible way to prevent members of the tribe from accepting Christianity.

Among the first converts was a man by the name of Saneco. The chief medicine-man of the tribe determined by a bold stroke to stop the increasing influence of Christianity by prevailing upon him to return to the religion of his fathers. Meeting him one day, he insisted upon his renouncing Christianity at once. This Saneco refused to do. The medicine-man tried persuasion, and then threats. Finally he told Saneco that unless he renounced Christianity a council of medicine-men would be held, and they would make powerful medicine and destroy him. His threats, however, were unavailing, though Saneco and his friends were much disturbed.

IN A FEW MINUTES THE OLD MEDICINE MAN WAS DEAD.

Word had gone out among the Indians that Saneco was to be destroyed by the charms of the medicine-men, and quite a number gathered at the time appointed. The chief called his medicine men together, and they 'made medicine' all night, eating mescal, a Mexican product which produces hallucinations that are supposed to be of supernatural origin. The council held its meeting in the 'medicine' tent. They stayed up all night, and prophesied dire calamities to be visited upon Saneco and others who had accepted Christianity. They continued all the next day.

The chief medicine-man had pronounced a curse upon Saneco, that at sundown he would bleed from the mouth and die. As the sun approached the west, the interest and expectation increased. The chief medicine-man, who was old and infirm and weak, at the setting of the sun went into his tepee for some food, having fasted for twenty-four hours. While his wife was preparing the food, she heard a strange noise, and, looking around, found the medicine-man with blood issuing from his mouth. She cried out, and other members of the tribe came in, and carried the old man out of the tepee in sight of all those who had assembled to see the test of strength between the new religion and the old. In a few minutes the old medicine-man was dead. The curse which he had pronounced upon the Christian had come upon himself.

The effect upon the tribe was very great, and the entrance for the gospel was greatly enlarged. The power of the medicine-man was correspondingly diminished. Since that time hundreds of these Indians have become devout, earnest Christians. Surrounding tribes have been more or less influenced by it.

Saneco is now a deacon in the church at Rainy Mountain, which numbers more than one hundred and fifty members, while another church in the same tribe is situated some twenty miles west, with a membership of thirty or forty.

You may call this incident a coincidence if you like, but it seemed something like the test of strength when Elijah and the prophets of Baal met before all Israel to determine whether Goh or Baal should be served in Israel. These poor, ignorant Indians have been sadly neglected, and what has been done among the Kiowas ought to be done by American Christians in every other tribe in the United States.

The Post Office Crusade.

(To the readers of the 'Messenger.')

'India is being flooded by infidel literature, sent by post, from England and America. Will not Christians arise, and take the same means to counteract this evil by pouring in a stream of Christian truths,' these words were written to the 'Union Signal,' of Chicago, about ten years ago and have sealed themselves into our memory. The first letter, asking a response and organization of 'Our Post-Office Crusade,' from Canada to India, was sent to the 'Canadian Baptist.' It received much criticism as denominational papers, in our ignorance, were requested. 'Not denominational papers' urged the Bap-

tist missionaries 'undenominational and those only of a character to establish relationships of good will and brotherly kindness.' However, that letter fell into the hands of a W. C. T. U. woman, an old school mate, who went to India somewhere about thirty years ago. She wrote at once, saying: 'We have a little Union here of native women, and a demand for papers that we cannot possibly supply. Will you take us into your Post-Office Crusade?' Thus it was, that another, then, weak little Union, in Canada, (The Western W. C. T. U., of Montreal, which meets in Welcome Hall) adopted the Bangalore W. C. T. U. of India. Little did they dream that from that Union in the East the National Organizer for all India was to be chosen. This was our introduction to Miss Dunhill and we joined hands with her and our native sisters across the ocean, through the power of a consecrated press, by means of the 'Northern Messenger.' 'Where can we find the proper paper?' we asked. 'It must be well edited, illustrated, undenominational under no denominational guidance—it must teach temperance and purity, and it must not be too expensive because the cost of postage is so great.'

Miss Martha Richardson, of Calvary Church, Montreal, one of the teachers of the Sunday-school, solved this difficulty by saying: 'Why not try the 'Northern Messenger?' It is exactly suited, I should think.' In this way we found what we trust is the organ of our coming organization. No one connected with the 'Witness' Office ever lifted one finger to influence this choice and not once have we been asked by them to use means to spread its circulation. All has come about spontaneously. Every letter written to the 'Messenger' has had an instant, ready, enthusiastic response.

When we rememeber that this paper was consecrated to missions by the late John Dougall and that there is no money in it, simply a labor of love, we feel grateful that so beautiful a way has been opened for us to travel by press and post to the East with our 'Messenger' and its message of good news, loyalty, and hearty Canadian friendship.

Thirty cents a year is the subscription price. This means from 12 to 16 pages of good reading every week for 52 weeks in Canada. To India the postage is 52 cts, so for the sum of 82 cents you can be one of the late John Dougall's 'Literary Missionaries,' and each week, by 'Our Post-office Crusade,' stretch out a helping hand to help undo the woes England and America have brought to India. England is responsible for the drink traffic in a land fitly called 'The pearl of the East.' Infidels in America have joined hands with infidels in England to improve the vantage ground of English culture among a thinking, clever people. What will Canada with a clean press do to help in wiping out the iniquity. The need is great, many soldiers are required for 'a million students leave the Government schools every year, and there are fifteen million readers in the country.'

'One of the most striking results of the contact of Oriental peoples with the Western World is the development for a taste for reading.'

A principal of a college in India said at a meeting in Montreal 'that every student in his college was supplied through the post with infidel literature. Lists of the names of college students are regularly obtained and these men are looked after faithfully by the Children of Darkness who are ever more awake to their opportunities than are the Children of Light. In addition to this, native Christians receive the most revolting writings, everything is done to undermine their newly accepted doctrines. Several names of native Christians have been sent us, also names of native pastors to whom the 'Sunday-school Times' would be valuable as an assistant in preparing sermons. Any one can have these by sending stamps for reply. Our list of names for children is exhausted. We have a few more names of natives in the civil service to whom we would like the 'Messenger' sent from the office. Eighty-two cents will supply a paper for 52 weeks. Some time ago the wife of a noted missionary of the Presbyterian Church wrote, asking if we could get the 'Boys' Own Paper' sent to the son of a missionary. He is fifty miles away from English boys. We mailed him several papers and some stamps. Enclosed is his reply. Perhaps the Editor will put this in the Correspondence Column. The postage on 'The Boys' Own' is four cents each month. We have been sending 'Donald' 'The Boys' Own' but our volumes are not complete and it seems a shame to send stories with no nice endings to them.

Now, does any boy want to post him the 'Boys' Own' and a 'Messenger' as well. You can have his address if you wish. Missionaries are always helping others, with their salaries, and, besides, on account of the climate they have to send their children home when arrived at a suitable age. Thus you see they cannot afford to subscribe for many papers. Yours faithfully,

MARGARET EDWARDS COLE.
Mrs. COLE,
112 Irvine Ave.,
Westmount, Que.

Donald's letter is as follows:—

India, Kasur.

My Dear Mrs. Cole,—I am collecting stamps. I have got only 117 stamps. I thank you for the stamps and papers. I like them very much. The place in which we live has about twenty-five thousand people in it. I have four brothers, one smaller than I; his name is Malcolm, and I have three bigger than I, and one is Robin; he is eleven years old, and two of my brothers are in Ohio. One of them is John; he is thirteen years old, and the other is Davie; he is fifteen years old; they are studying there. I had two sisters; one was older than I and the older died. It is very hot here; it is 119 in the shade and 170 in the sun. Your dear

DONALD.

June, 1901.

Ask Greatly, Receive Greatly.

In the year 1887 the China Inland mission, under the leadership of J. Hudson Taylor, asked the Lord to send to China, under their auspices, at least one hundred new missionaries. To meet the increased expenses they also asked for $50,000 more money, and, knowing that if it came in small sums it would necessitate a larger office force, they asked that it be sent to them in large payments.

At a meeting for prayer held early in the year, these earnest workers poured out their hearts in petitions to God for these special things. As they rose from their knees, and tarried a few moments before separating, Hudson Taylor said: 'Don't you think, before we go, it would be well to thank the Lord for sending us these things? He has surely heard us, and we may not all be able to meet together for prayer again.'

Once more they knelt, and this time offered up glad praise and thanksgiving to God for what he was going to do.

Such sublime faith was abundantly rewarded, for, ere the close of 1887, one hundred new missionaries were on the field, and the necessary $50,000 was paid in, having been received in but eleven payments.

Nature.

(By Florence Weatherhead, aged 16.)

The works of human artifice soon tire
The curious eye; the fountain's sparkling rill,
And gardens, when adorned by human skill,
Reproach the feeble hand, the vain desire.
But, oh! the free and wild magnificence
Of Nature in her lavish hours doth steal,
In admiration silent and intense,
The soul of him who hath a soul to feel.
Where can we cast our eyes that we see not
some work of Nature's hand!
The river moving on its ceaseless way,
The verdant reach of meadows fair and green,
And the blue hills that bound the sylvan scene,—
These speak of grandeur, that defies decay,—
Proclaim the Eternal Architect on high,
Who stamps on all His works His own eternity.

But what is a broad landscape a few miles in extent, to the wonders of the earth's surface at large, with its far stretching and gloomy forests, its ranges of sublime and lofty mountains, its long sweeping rivers, and the eternal turbulence of its rolling oceans! Who can shut his eyes to all these works of nature—the ever varying beauty of the clouds and skies, the rainbows and dew-drops, the placid lakes and rolling seas, the delicate flowers and blackening forests, the gloomy tempests and crimson sunsets, and spend his life within the narrow confines of the city?

We need not go outside our own continent to see the mighty forests. We have oaks with the growth of centuries in their boughs, evergreens that were stately trees before Columbus set foot on San Salvador. No scenes on tropical lands can inspire sublimer emotions than these monarchs of the wood, as one treads the dim aisles beneath their vaulted arches.

Thou hast not left thyself
Without a witness, in these shades,
Of Thy perfections. Grandeur and grace,
Are here to speak of Thee. Not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him.'

What a pleasing contrast these works of Nature form!—the majestic trees, spreading their branches to the storms of heaven, and the beautiful flowers that seek the protection of their shade from the rays of the hot sun. When in the woods scenes are constantly opening up before us, in which the mind delights to lose itself, and the eye to wander. The flowers have been called stars, which shine in the firmament of earth. Truly, they are stars, yet they are not wrapped about with awful mystery, like the burning stars above us. Some flowers shine in the bright sunlight, others droop and die if left in the same position. Everywhere about us they are glowing, in the meadows, on the mountain tops, by the brink of pools in woodland valleys, in old cathedrals, and on the tombs of heroes. They are emblems of our own great resurrection, of the bright and better land.

What can be more pleasing than watching the morning stars. Very early they shine with special lustre, but as twilight approaches the intense blue of the sky softens, and the smaller stars go to rest. Hands of angels shift the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolve into the beauties of day. The sky turns more softly grey, and the great watchstars withdraw. Faint streaks of purple blush along the sky. Soon the inflowing tides of morning light pour down from above in a great ocean of radiance, turning the dewy tear drops of the flowers and leaves into rubies and diamonds. In a few minutes the gates of day are thrown wide open, and the lord of day begins his course.

'Messenger' Mail Bag

Tapleytown, Feb. 5., 1902.

Mr. Editor,—I have just received the Bagster Bible as premium, and it is a great deal better than I expected. Many thanks to you for it. Yours truly,

JESSIE E. TINGEY.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Captain Cupid Haven.

(By Samuel Merwin, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

It was after the close of 'Cupid' Haven's freshman year at the Northwestern University that the government sent on the new surf-boat, a twenty-seven-foot Beebe-McClellan self-bailer, all white and blue. There was a formal presentation, of course, at the red brick station; and the inspector stood on the porch and made a speech to the students who man the life-saving station. He mentioned the last annual report, in which the boys had been praised, recalled the time when an earlier crew had received eight congressional medals from the same porch, and talked about upholding local traditions. He also praised the new boat, gliding over its one fault. It was so broad of beam that, while practically non-capsizable, it could not, once over, be righted.

That evening the boys were on the steps. Bush, Peters, Williamson and Tommy Potts were gone; they had slipped back easily, too easily, into college history. Four sturdy youngsters lounged in the old places—Maxwell, Clark, Atwell and Baird. Clark had his banjo, and the new crowd was singing the old songs, just as they will be sung when the station shall lie crumbled beneath the flat, white sand.

Haven, No. 3, sat with his back against the bricks and looked out over the lake. The moon, big and red, was climbing over the horizon, setting off the black outlines of a tired little lumber schooner. A ribbon of crimson light wavered down the water and flapped lazily at the long, weather-blackened breakwater.

Haven was thinking. The moon worked laboriously upward, paling as it rose. Soon the porch grew lighter, and Haven drew odd diagrams on the back of an envelope. During one of the songs he slipped away and took a lantern into the boat-room; here he was fussing for an hour, climbing around the big boat, and altering his diagrams, a bit at a time.

The captain sat at his desk in the living-room, writing up his log. His seamed, brown face was twisted into a scowl. The blue eyes wavered about the room, while he chewed a stubby pencil and pulled his long, gray-streaked beard. The captain could risk his life without a thought, but writing reports was a labor of despair. Perhaps he was glad when Haven came in and laid his envelope on the log-book; at any rate, the two sat there in weighty discussion until the singers had buried their songs in dormitory pillows and the white moon looked down through the tops of the elms in the campus.

The next morning there was such a drill as never had been heard of in that life-saving district. Clad in blouses, trousers and cork jackets, the crew wheeled the new boat to the water, slid her out, and pulled out half a mile from shore. The Sheridan Road policeman hung himself over the railing and watched them lazily. Suddenly he stood erect, with popping eyes; the crew were capsizing the boat! Eight men, like dolls in the distance, were leaning out from a half-submerged gunwale. There was a splash! Specks of heads bobbed up about the round, white bottom of the boat, and then what looked like eight white turtles wriggled upon it.

The policeman rubbed his eyes and walked out upon the breakwater, where he could sit down and swing his feet, with a kindly spile for a back rest.

Three hours later he awoke with a jump and looked up. The round, white bottom of the boat was still visible, but during the course of the morning it had drifted close to shore. The turtles had changed to haggard, panting men with blue faces, who tugged despairingly at ropes. As he looked, they threw out their weight in a last effort, and the wide hull yielded and rolled over. It drifted slowly past him, and he saw crew and captain tumbled about the boat, too weak to answer his hail. Lake water—three hours of it—has penalties of its own. That night there was more figuring about the station desk. In the morning, and for many mornings after, the new boat was rolled out to wrestle with its tamers.

HOLD HER, BOYS! HOLD HER IF YOU PULL YOUR HEARTS OUT!

One day in July the inspector read in his newspaper that the student crew had righted a Beebe-McClellan surf-boat in twenty-eight seconds, and said sarcastic things about the veracity of newspapers; but, nevertheless he caught the first northbound afternoon train.

The drill that followed will never be forgotten. The fat inspector, who had managed to cram himself into Atwell's biggest suit, went out in a beautiful chop sea, and was ducked and tumbled and bounced and splashed until his eyes looked homesick and his puckered mouth blew spray. There was a bump on his bald spot where a thwart had struck him when Scott and Maxwell crowded him under; and his two shins were 'barked' in long, symmetrical rows.

In the evening, dried and poulticed, he limped off to the train, his pocket full of diagrams with which to explain the new drill to every surf crew in the district.

While dressing, he had talked long with the captain. The inspector, as the concentrated authority of a large department of the service, held ideas as to how a crew man should perform his duties. Moreover, he was interested in hearing about Haven's part in the new drill. As a result, the next boat exercise saw Haven, a sophomore, pulling stroke with a new white '1' on his coat-sleeve, while Blake and Sillsbee, juniors, sat respectively at two and three, with long faces.

It was a white Thanksgiving. There was a football game in the afternoon. The faithful crowd stamped its feet and blew on its fingers for two hours, while eleven men in purple jerseys played havoc with eleven others in buff, although little could be seen through the whirling snow. In the evening there was to be a dinner and a reception; in the meantime, the battered players scattered to their homes for bandages and rest. Toward six o'clock Haven was lying stretched out on his bed, nursing a sadly wrenched shoulder, and at intervals grinning foolishly,—it is a pleasant thing to win games,—when Baird came in.

'Brace up, Cupid! We're due at seven.'

'I'm all right. Hope we get a good feed; I'm empty.' He swung his feet around and sat on the edge of the bed, rubbing his eyes.

'What's that?' Baird sprang up and list-

ened; then he ran to open the window. The station gong was clanging wildly.

Without a word, each seized his 'sou'-wester' hat and dashed out the door and across the road. There was excitement in the station; the crew were in the boat-room, tumbling into their yellow oilskins. Clark was at the telephone. He hung up the receiver and turned away as Cupid broke into the room.

'All right, captain! They'll have two teams here at once!'

Maxwell was explaining: 'Big freighter ashore at Glencoe. We're going up Sheridan Road—trains are blocked with the snow.'

Haven buttoned his jacket and looked out the window. Through the whirl of the storm could be seen white shapes where the ice was piled in blocks and cones, for the fall had been exceptionally cold. Beyond were mist and surf. Over all, filling every nook of the sturdy little building, was the roar of the lake—that crashing, rumbling, never-slackening wail of death.

The captain was giving an order. Six yellow figures, with hats jammed down and sweater collars crowded up, slipped out into the night to tramp the six miles through blinding, clogging snow. Haven and the captain waited for the horses. Later they, too, were on the road, the broad wheels crunching and slipping, the beach-cart rattling behind, the horses bending their heads to the driving storm. The captain on the right, Haven on the left, they ploughed along, the reins resting about their necks, their weight thrown now and again upon the spokes of the forward wheels. They passed Athletic Field and Haven remembered his lame shoulder.

It was ten minutes after six oclock when they left the station. When Winnetka was passed and the Lakeside Water-Tower loomed dimly ahead, Haven seized a moment's lull to fumble with numb fingers beneath his sweater, and pull out his watch. The last Winnetka arc lamp threw an intermittent light over his shoulder. It was nine o'clock! And nearly a mile to go!

At the turn, where the road swung off to the west, they were hailed by Baird. His voice floated weirdly down the wind. The horses stopped at the ditch and pawed for a footing; then, led by the captain, they plunged forward, boat and beach-cart lumbering after. For a space it was dark going, picking a way between the trees and floundering over snow-covered logs.

Dim forms were moving about, shouting faintly. There was the sound of axes. Haven stumbled ahead of the horses, and saw knots of men cutting a path down the ravine. One man stood close at hand, swinging a lantern and yelling orders. He saw Haven and came forward; in the flickering light there was a yellow shine from his cap and shoulders.

'Has your boat come? I'm Lieutenant Jenkins, of Fort Sheridan.'

Haven led him back to the boat, where the crew had clustered; a moment later the captain appeared, coming toward them from the edge of the bluff, a glass in his hand.

'I have a company here,' said the lieutenant. 'My men are at your disposal.'

The captain nodded. 'We'll have to let the boat down,' he said. 'We can't reach her with the shot.'

A spare line was made fast to the rear axle of the truck, and with fifty soldiers to hold back, the crew men gripping the wheels and the captain ahead guiding the tongue, the boat slid and rolled, rocking to the beach, a hundred feet below. Close to the bluff a bonfire was blazing.

The soldiers gathered about curiously as the yellow-clad students fell into position and coolly, at a word of command, tossed the cork jackets over their heads and knotted them fast. There was a moment for breath, and Haven looked out. For fifty yards was nothing but ice, piled in rough hummocks. Out beyond, in the faint sky light, he could see the surf, a grinding, churning whirl of slush and broken ice. Each wave came riding down from the north in a sweeping curve, glancing off the breakwaters and falling back upon itself in a fury of spray. The overwhelmingness of it all awed Cupid, but it set his blood tingling and put new strength into his grip. Oddly enough, there was no thought of the shoulder. The football game seemed far in the past.

'Lay hold here!'

A score of soldiers sprang forward. Slowly the boat scraped along over the hummocks; up, with a strain and a rhythmic 'Heave!'—down, with a slide and a scramble. Close to the outer edge was the highest ridge. Here, leaving the boat poised in air, the panting soldiers fell back, while the crew set their faces to the eastward. A black hull was just visible against the scurrying clouds.

Haven took a last glance at his oar, and stood gripping the gunwale. 'Ho!' said the captain, peering over the stern, where his long steering-oar trailed off, and with a jerk the boat went careering down the slope. Haven could see Maxwell, No. 6, bracing his feet as the momentum of the heavy boat swept him downward toward the tumbling ice and surf.

Then came a shock and a splash! Haven was dragged off his feet. He stepped on a cake that tipped and plunged him to the waist in water that bit his flesh and chilled his lungs. As he scrambled over the rail, he heard a boyish voice from the bow: 'Cracky, but it's cold!' And he laughed as he sunk his blade into the foam.

The line of surf was so twisted by cross-currents and so cut up by the broken ice that to make any headway was difficult. Haven recalled with a sense of desperation that he must set the stroke for the crew; but there was no getting a grip on the water. He reached deep to catch a wave-top, but splashed feebly. Then a glance showed him the wire-knit captain, standing erect upon the stern air-tank, feet apart, knees bending, his weight balanced on the big oar, and he threw more heart into his stroke.

There was a moment of desperate struggling; inch by inch the white boat crept ahead, throwing up every few seconds a film of spray that splashed and froze on their stiffening oilskins. They took one big comber with a rush, the bow slanting out over the crest and falling with a lurch, slapping up a small cloudburst.

'It didn't do a thing to him!' came in a shrill voice from young Maxwell, who, minus his sou'wester, had got the most of it down his neck; and a chuckle ran through the boat. Soberness came in a moment, for breath was precious; but that chuckle put new strength into seven pairs of arms.

Just as they seemed to be through the worst, Haven saw the captain throw all his weight on the big oar with a suddenness that bent it, until, as the stern began to sink away and the bow to climb, it snapped like a reed and the captain staggered over the gunwale. Haven yelled, 'Give way, boys!' and plunging forward, gripped an ankle that was just disappearing. Then the stern was jerked around into the trough, a swirl of foam came dashing and leaping about them, and boat and crew were lifted high and carried swiftly shoreward.

Haven, half-strangled in the surf, felt himself curling up until one knee struck his chin and made him bite his tongue; then the white ice struck him full on the shoulder and hip, and blue-clad figures were dragging him upward. He still held the captain's foot.

The bonfire and quarts of hot coffee were at hand, and soon the boys, shivering and breathless, were drying their stiff clothes, which crackled when they moved. But the captain lay silent in the midst of a cluster of anxious workers, who cleaned the bleeding forehead and chafed the nerveless wrists. Haven looked out; the wreck had not broken up; there it loomed, bleak and dim. It came suddenly to him that as No. 1, he now commanded.

The boat lay on the ice, a gaping hole in her forward compartment. The oars, gathered by the soldiers, were alongside.

A few moments later Lieutenant Jenkins heard the sound of a hammer, and turning away from the captain, who was showing the first signs of life, he saw that the crew, gathered about the boat, were setting it to rights. Haven, with tools from the beach-cart, was nailing a piece of his jacket over the hole.

'What's this?' shouted the lieutenant. 'You aren't going out again?'

Haven wiped the spray from his eyes and nodded.

'Why, man, it's suicide! You can't I—I forbid it!'

One of the soldiers appeared with an armful of barrel-staves, from which Haven selected three or four before replying: 'We don't come under your authority.'

'But you aren't the captain—'

'Yes. I'm acting captain.'

The officer sputtered, with a gesture of dismay, as Baird set up the pump.

'All ready, boys!' said Cupid, with a last look at the patched bow. Baker, the 'prep' substitute, just then came up, dragging the spare steering-oar, which was adjusted in its loop.

'Let her go!'

A long line of soldiers stood gazing in wonder at sight of the renewed battle. Haven had taken advantage of a lull, and before plunging into the hardest surf, he had a few seconds in which to get the balance of his oar. And then came a tussle for life. Teeth were set and eyes staring. Maxwell was pumping furiously, barely holding his own against the rush of the in-pouring water. Haven, standing on the little platform and swaying easily with the rise and fall of the stern, felt the blood jump through his veins; his fresh young muscles knotted firmly.

'Hold her, boys! Hold her if you pull your hearts out!' There was eagerness in his voice.

Those on the ice set up a yell. Haven threw a glance over his shoulder; the boat, a prey to the wind, was drifting southward. At the moment, they were poised on a wave, and he saw, almost underneath the stern, the jagged spiles of a breakwater end. A quick turn was needed, that was all; so he called in a cool voice:

'Give way, starboard! Back, port!'

As on a pivot, the boat swung half around, the stern cleared the spiles by two yards, and then they were swept a rod to the south.

There is little need to tell of the rest of

that night; it is all in the annual report. How they fought against wind, sea and shifting currents to the wrenching hulk that towered twenty feet above their heads; how man after man was slung down the ice-coated ladder; how a fainting mother was lowered in a blanket with the little red-haired child, who laughed and pulled Maxwell's hair, and tried to catch the spray that slapped her velvet cheek; how they backed in through the surf, swallowed a gulp of coffee, pumped out the forward compartment, and then did it all over again, until in three trips nineteen lives were saved, with a stove-in, water-logged surf-boat—all this is history.

For the last time they were dragged from the boat. Sillsbee's raw hands were frozen to his oar, and the lieutenant poured hot coffee over them, and supported him with a strong arm when he staggered over the hummocks to the fire. Fortunately they were under the spell of excitement; and so they ate the sandwiches which re-enforcements had brought from the fort, and chaffed each other, and thanked their stars that it was Thanksgiving week, with no recitations to be dreaded.

Haven's first concern was for the captain; but learning that he was well on the homeward way in an army ambulance, heart-broken over his first defeat in twenty years of fighting the lake, Cupid stumbled wearily toward the fire, in time to hear Maxwell, the pet of the Glee Club, lift his voice to the pitch that had convulsed many an audience:

'Boys, we forgot the dinner!'

'Let's send regrets!' said Clark.

The lieutenant had a scrap of paper and a pencil; and with many a jest at the expense of fingers that would not unbend, they wrote out a stiff little note, signed by all seven, with a drop of blood where the 'i' came in Sillsbee.

It was seven o'clock the next morning. Haven, muffled to the chin, an ache in every joint, eyes listless and marked with blue rings, stood on watch on the station porch. The newspaper boy came down the middle of the road, ploughing up the snow as he trudged. He rolled the paper into a tight little ball and threw it with practised hand at the door. Haven opened it and looked it over.

There was a long article headed: 'Hero's Brave Act. Park Policeman Stops Runaway.' Below it, in a corner, these lines were tucked away:

"The grain steamer, 'Mary J. Griffin,' went ashore last night off Glencoe, and is a total loss. The life-saving crew were slow in arriving, but no lives were lost.'

Cupid closed the paper, and forgetting his cracked lips, tried to whistle. Not that he was jealous of the park policeman, but even an every-day hero has feelings.

A Word to Teachers.

In a recent address to the members of St. Peter's Training College at Peterborough, Canon Liddell said :—' The total abstainer was a splendid example to his fellow men, and they, in their capacity as schoolmasters, held in their hands a tremendous power for good if they chose to exercise it.' Such words as these ought to help those who are in training for teachers to realize their opportunities and responsibilities. On the occasion when they were uttered thirteen of the students were induced to take the pledge.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Twenty Per Cent

OR PROFIT VERSUS PRINCIPLE.

(By M. A. Paull, (Mrs. John Ripley) in 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER X.—TEMPTED.

John Aylmer hesitated, even with his hand on the bell of Mr. Lawrence's house. As some bold swimmer determined to make the plunge, yet sees possible danger in the tempestuous billows, and takes a moment to gather up at once his strength and his courage before he encounters them, so the young man realized that his motives might be misunderstood, and his conduct questioned in regard to this visit, which he had yet fully determined to pay.

But while he hesitated Tom Lawrence opened the door to come out; his usually merry face looked so demure that John Aylmer grew anxious, but the boy smiled at sight of him, and exclaimed—

'Why, Mr. Aylmer, I am glad you've come at last. Mother and Muriel thought you never would come; but I knew better. I said you would.'

'How is your father, Tom?' asked John Aylmer, feeling the unconscious reproach in the boy's words keenly.

'Oh! that's the worst of it. He's ever so bad, and I believe it's all that horrid brewery. Don't I wish he'd never got into this mess! Poor father! You know about it, don't you, Mr. Aylmer? Oh, of course, you do; and they're saying such nasty things, I feel like fighting them. Only there's too many of them for a boy like me.'

'Fighting would make it ever so much worse, Tom. So you had better determine to be brave, and not fight. It's like a dog to fight; it's like a man to go straight on doing your duty.'

'There,' said Tom, 'and I forgot my errand; that isn't doing my duty. You know your way in, don't you? Or shall I tell Muriel that you are come?'

'No,' said John Aylmer, 'you had better make haste. I know my way.'

Yet when Tom was gone John Aylmer almost wished he had not dismissed him. He went into the familiar parlor, but there was an altogether unfamiliar air of desertion about the place. The mother's work basket, Muriel's music, were neither of them visible. The piano was shut down, as if it had not been touched for days. There were no flowers on the mantel shelf; no books in reading on table or cupboard; the life of the household was being lived elsewhere. John Aylmer stood a few minutes, uncertain how to act, when the door opened, and Muriel entered. She came forward with such a sad face that he could hardly bear to look at her, and at his few kind words of sympathy she burst into tears. She took the low seat he pushed towards her, and sank into it, covering her face with her hands.

'Please forgive me, Mr. Aylmer; but it is so nice to see you. You don't feel unkindly to poor dear papa, do you? Not only the illness, you know, but all the cruel things they are saying. If they would only let him get well first. And perhaps he never will get well. It's dreadful. Do you know about Miss Thunder? And I used to believe she was so kind.'

But Muriel's overcharged heart was already finding some relief in pouring out her troubles to the kind and sympathetic friend whose presence she had missed so much, and whose coming now was more welcome than anything else could have been to her.

'I must not be selfish,' she said, presently. 'I must tell mother you are here; it will do her good to talk to you, as it has me.'

'Stop a minute, Muriel,' said John Aylmer, not a little touched by this artless confession. 'I want to ask you a few questions. Who sits up with your father?'

'We do it by turns. It is my turn to-night.'

'You must give up your turn to me, and secure a good night's rest. Your eyes are very tired.'

'I am afraid mother will not think she ought to trouble you,' said Muriel.

'She will trouble me very much if she refuses my help,' said John Aylmer. And, of course, John Aylmer had his way, as most men who are thoroughly in earnest do. He would not permit Mrs. Lawrence to hesitate about accepting his offer, but took the whole matter as already arranged. And the mother, who knew so well how tired Muriel was, spite of her brave efforts to hide her weariness, was more glad than she could have told the young man to have a whole night's rest thus assured to her child.

Mr. Lawrence was sleeping fitfully when his new nurse was installed at his bedside. With the exactitude that was natural to the bank cashier, John Aylmer wrote down every direction for the treatment of his patient during the night, and duly received the caution of Muriel that he must not mind if dear papa wandered in his talk when he awoke, because his great weakness made him often do this. How solemn it seemed in the sick room, when all the family had retired and the house was quiet! Mr. Lawrence still slept on, and with less interruption than at first. John Aylmer grew hopeful that such sleep as this must be health-restoring. He had been very much shocked to mark the emaciated condition of his old friend; the powerful frame, the handsome countenance, were indeed sadly changed. It seemed impossible the Wesleyan minister could ever again be the man he had been only a few months ago.

'You, John Aylmer!'

'Yes, Mr. Lawrence,' he said, gently. 'How do you feel? Better, I trust.'

'It is those shares that weigh on my very soul; John what am I told? I did not think you would come to me. I thought all my old temperance friends had deserted me. My poor wife! My dear children! Money can't bring happiness, can it, John?'

The trembling tones, the weary look on the wasted face, made it difficult for John Aylmer to answer the sick man cheerfully.

'I am afraid Mrs. Lawrence will not trust me to take care of you if I let you talk,' he said, trying to smile. 'You must take your medicine now, and try to sleep again.'

'I will take my medicine, but I cannot sleep,' said Mr. Lawrence. 'It will ease my mind to say what is making me miserable. I would give everything I have to get rid of those miserable brewery shares, and I can't, I mustn't; they will have to hang like a millstone round my neck, and drag me down to hell.'

'God forbid!' ejaculated John Aylmer, as he poured out Mr. Lawrence's medicine, and put it to his lips. The sick man obediently swallowed it, accepted a few grapes, and then returned to the subject that was never absent, as it seemed, from his conscious wakeful hours.

'What do the friends generally say?' he asked presently ,much to the embarrassment of John Aylmer. 'But I need not ask,' he continued; 'I should have blamed anyone in my position who acted as I have done. Do you know anything of the "Rara Avis Brewery Company?" '

John Aylmer hesitated. Should he tell Mr. Lawrence what a connection he had with the miserable business through his grandfather's interest in it? He quickly decided that this was not the time to talk to Mr. Lawrence, but if possible to rest his too busy brain; and very soon, much to his satisfaction, the sedative character of Mr. Lawrence's medicine, or the exhaustion of his body, caused him to doze. So the weary hours of the night passed in alternations of mental distress and sleepiness, and John Aylmer was glad to be able to report to Muriel, when she came softly into the room about 6 o'clock, that the beloved patient had had a quiet night; and he strongly advised her to lie down for another hour, that she might be the better prepared for the labors of the day.

But she declared herself delightfully rested, and looked all the better for the sleep she had had. She sat herself down to wait for her father's waking, that she might then bring him some food. John Aylmer could not help looking at her. The experience and anxiety of the past fortnight had matured her budding womanhood; she was more than a fortnight older, and her sweetness and fairness impressed him more than ever they had done before.

There were indistinct visions of the future which must soon be more plainly marked out. He felt it was very pleasant to be near her, to have interests in common, to be of some use to her in the present emergency, to champion her sick father as far as he could without wavering one iota of his temperance principles; and it was easy to do that, since no one could regret Mr. Lawrence's conduct so much as Mr. Lawrence himself regretted it.

He returned to his lodgings to breakfast. On his table lay a telegram, which Mrs. Metford informed him had just come. Thoughts of his own father at once crowded into his mind. Had he passed away without regaining his once brilliant intellect? He opened the brown envelope, and spread out the message he extracted from it. It was from his sister, and ran as follows:—'Grandpa died this morning. Come at once.'

'Do you know anything of the "Rara Avis Brewery Company?" ' Mr. Lawrence had asked in those weak, trembling tones. And here was the answer, as it seemed to him. The head of the firm of brewers out of which the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company' had been formed, was dying even when that question had been asked; and the wealthy, aged, dead brewer, who had rolled in ill-gotten riches, was his grandfather. 'Come at once.' He could not refuse his sister's request, yet to accede to it was pain. John Aylmer was so thoroughly principled against the whole drinking system that it was unpleasant to him to be a guest in his late grandfather's house, and to witness the luxury which had been gained at the expense of the comfort of thousands of other homes. He wired back the time the train arrived by which he would come, and hastened to the bank to arrange for his absence, which he hoped would not be for more than a few days at longest. Then he stole a few minutes to hurry to the Lawrences', and explain to Muriel the unavoidable change in his plans. The young girl, though dreadfully disappointed, was full of gentle sympathy with his sister and himself. He promised to write to her during his absence, and was pleased to note the bright smile with which she received this promise.

'And you must answer my letter, Muriel, for I shall be anxious to hear of your father.'

'Thank you,' she said, blushing, as John Aylmer pressed her little hands in his.

A carriage met him at the station. The stately mansion of his grandfather soon came in sight; it wore a sombre aspect; and when he was ushered into one of the darkened rooms by the footman, he felt chilled by the lack of home comfort in the place. Hetty did not hurry to see him. He had waited some time before she made her appearance, and then her greeting was by no means warm, though not unkind.

'I am glad you have come, John,' she said when her brother had kissed her! 'for there is no end of business to be seen to, and I don't believe in letting servants have their own way in such matters. It is very extraordinary grandpa has not done as I expected. Of course, he leaves nearly all to grandmamma for her life, and I am to stay with her; but while I am well provided for by-and-bye —for I am to take all she leaves—Charlie and you have £5,000 each now, and I have only a bagatelle of cash down, merely £500.'

'Five thousand each!'

John Aylmer could hardly credit his sense of hearing.

'I must say,' continued Hetty, 'that I am very much surprised indeed at his leaving a teetotal grandson anything, because he so disliked your taking up such an absurd fad. But, however, he has—and I must congratulate you and Charlie. I call it generous for a brewer to forgive a teetotaller; don't you?'

'I never dreamed of anything of this kind,' said John Aylmer. 'I thought you would have whatever grandfather thought of leaving to any of us. But now tell me, Hetty, has he been ill? The news came very suddenly.'

With these inquiries, John Aylmer tried to postpone the consideration of that most astonishing piece of news, that he had had left to him £5,000, part of the profits of what was now called the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company, Limited.' Why, he might marry at once, and place Muriel Lawrence in a position of ease and comfort such as she had never dreamed of. What might he not do with £5,000? He would carry on some temperance missions in Anyborough, without needing to talk the committee over to his own liberal way of thinking. Not until he was in his room for the night, after a gloomy evening with his grandmother and sister, a whole hour of which was occupied with a formal late dinner, did he fully realize his position. And then the feeble voice of Mr. Lawrence sounded in his ears, 'They will have to hang like a millstone round my neck, and drag me down to hell.' And again, as he had responded to the words of the minister, he now answered the temptation which had come to himself in the £5,000 of drink money, 'God forbid!'

(To be Continued.)

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet;
We count them ever past,
But they shall last:
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

In a Time of Need

(Chicago 'Tribune.')

State Street was ablaze with lights, which the wet pavements reflected and multiplied. The holiday shop windows glowed with color, appealing silently, but none the less strongly, to the great crowd of Christmas shoppers which lingered about them.

And the crowd was an unusually large one, for the season had been a prosperous one in more than the usual number of Chicago homes, and more than the usual number of little stockings would be well filled with mementoes of the season on Christmas morning.

It was late in the afternoon of a dreary day. The air was charged with dampness, and, although for the moment it was not raining, there was no assurance that the drizzle would not begin as soon as the weather had rested a bit.

At one corner of State street a little Salvation Army band prepared to take advantage of the reprieve. The drums rolled out a sharp challenge to those who, intent on the observance of the great Christian festival, were in danger of forgetting that which it commemorates. A nimble-fingered lassie tossed her tinkling tambourine. One by one the crowd yielded its quota of curious and devout and sinful. The usual circle was drawn about the 'army' and tuneful voices took up an air with a fierce covenanter swing—a better battle hymn than psalm of praise.

So far all was in accord with the programme of the ordinary street meeting. So were the crude words of exhortation punctuated by the 'Amens' of the lassies. But presently there was a stir among the bonneted heads, betokening some excitement. The circle grew closer.

A girl in army uniform stood a little apart from the others, a violin tucked lovingly under her bonnet strings, and the bow poised in her hand. She was rather pale. Evidently it was her first musical flight outside the friendly atmosphere of the barracks. She felt like running away. But the novelty of it caught the crowd.

'Go it, sister. Tune up,' some one in the crowd shouted, encouragingly.

The girl smiled a little, then answered with the readiness characteristic of her class and calling:

'I can't play very well, but I'll do what I can for the "Master." '

'Amen!' came in a volley, and then the strains of a Gospel hymn were wafted haltingly upon the air.

Two well-dressed, rather distinguished-looking men, attracted by the flare of the torches, had paused on the edge of the crowd just as Sister Luella began her solo. The taller of the two smiled slightly as her nervousness betrayed itself more and more. But his half amused, half contemptuous look changed instantly to one of sympathy as she struck a false note, then another, faltered, and stopped, dropping her violin by her side and standing before her listeners weak and embarrassed. Tears of chagrin stood in her eyes. The pride of an artist was hurt. A woman's self-confidence was shaken.

'I'm—I'm sorry,' she said, brokenly. 'I've forgotten.'

'Never mind, sister,' said the leader,

The juvenile part of the 'Messenger' is continued on page 11.

The Brakje of the Karoo Bushes.

('Sunday-School Visitor.')

The brakje of South Africa is a little cur of small degree, a sneaking, skulking, yelping outcast from his own kind, a poor substitute for a dog only where no better may be had. Yet, the poor brakje sometimes rises so high as to be worthy of an honored place among the St. Bernards and Newfoundlands.

One day during the dry season of the veld, a party of traders were crossing the hot, dust-yellow plain toward Kimberley. At noon they were near the summit of a small kopje, or hillock, and as this offered as much air as there was stirring, they dismounted and made preparations for the midday meal.

This kopje, like most of those they crossed, had a straggling coat of karroo bushes, many of them but a few inches high; and among the karroo was an occasional milk bush, with long finger-like leaves; and here and there was a tuft of grass or a clump of prickly pears with uplifted, thorny arms.

Presently one of the party noticed a small animal making directly toward them through the karroo bushes, and as it came nearer, he recognized the intruder as a brakje.

'Throw something at the cur, Dick,' he called, irritably, to one of his companions; 'we wouldn't mind feeding a decent dog, but we don't want any of these cowardly mongrels skulking about and maybe following us. Never mind if you do break some of his bones.'

Dick caught up a stick and threw it with skilful aim, but, instead of slinking away, as they expected, the animal dodged the missile and came nearer. Again Dick threw, and again the animal bounded adroitly aside, this time coming to within a few feet of where they were sitting, and beginning to whine piteously.

'Hold on, Dick,' another man called, suddenly; 'I believe the brute is starving. Toss him a chunk of meat—a big one.'

Dick obediently selected a piece of meat, almost half as large as the applicant, who sprang frantically into the air to meet it half way. But the offering was too large for the brakje to grasp in mid-air, and both dog and meat fell rolling upon the ground. Only for a moment, however, then the brakje was upon his feet, and seizing the prize with a firmer grip, he bounded away into the karroo bushes.

'Afraid to eat in sight of us,' the first speaker said, laconically; 'that's the way with all cowardly brutes. They think somebody is trying to steal from them. This cur will sneak off into some solitary place and gorge himself. Well, if he eats all that meat he will not be hungry again for a day or two.'

But apparently he was mistaken, for ten minutes later the brakje was again looking up into their faces and whining entreatingly. Several of the men whistled under their breath.

'Throw him a chunk of meat, Dick,' one of them called, facetiously; 'don't you see the brute is starving? Whew! I've heard that a Kaffir could eat his own weight in food; now if this cur devours another piece of meat I can at least testify that a brakje is able to do so. Give him a good, big chunk, Dick.'

More meat was thrown to the dog, and, as before, he seized it with a strong grip and bounded away into the karroo bushes. This they supposed would be the last of him, but, even in less time than before, he was back again, bounding from one to another, and looking up at them with big, entreating eyes that almost seemed to speak. What little fear and hesitation he had shown at first was now wholly gone. He seemed to have read them, and to have given them his full confidence.

'What a dog!' cried several, in wondering admiration; 'what capacity!' and one of them added: 'Here, Dick, throw him some more meat; we must fill him up even if we have to kill a bullock to do it.'

A third piece of meat was thrown to him; but this time the dog merely smelled it wistfully, and then turned back to them, an urgent entreaty in his whine and in his eyes and in every motion of his quivering, eager body.

'He wants to tell us something, I do believe,' exclaimed one of the men suddenly.

'But he's still hungry,' declared another; 'that is quite evident from the way he smelled the meat. There was a very ravenous longing in his every motion.'

Apparently the dog understood that they were talking of him, for he gave a quick yelp and bounded into the karroo bushes, then stoped and looked back at them.

'He wants us to follow him,' cried the man who had asked Dick to drive the cur away. 'Come on!'

He started after the brakje, and the others followed; and the dog, with a joyous, comprehending bark, rushed ahead.

Up through the karroo bushes to the summit of the kopje they hurried; and then the dog swerved off to the right and bounded on for three or four rods, stopping at length near a clump of prickly pears. When they came up panting they found him licking the face of an emaciated Kaffir, who was apparently dead. But a brief examination showed that the man was merely unconscious, evidently from loss of blood and from suffering. His body was covered with wounds, already beginning to heal; and one of his legs had been fearfully lacerated and crushed. An effort at self-surgery had been attempted, for the leg was rudely bound with leaves and grasses, now dry and withered under the hot glare of the sun. They could see where he had dragged himself across the sand, as though to reach the pitiful bit of shade which the prickly pear afforded.

One of them went back over the trail which the dragging body had made. When he returned, his eyes sought the Kaffir with an odd look of questioning respect.

'I found the body of a lion down there,' he said, gravely. 'It must have been killed a week or ten days ago, for the flesh has been nearly removed by birds and ants. There were evidences of a fearful struggle, a hand-to-hand encounter, I should say, for I found a long knife in the head of the animal.'

'You don't mean—' began one of his listeners, incredulously.

'Yes; I do mean just that. I believe this man and the lion fought together, and this man conquered and dragged himself up here, in the condition you see him. Furthermore, I believe that the little mongrel has since acted as assistant surgeon by licking the wounds, and as sole provider.' He nodded toward the dog, which was still licking the Kaffir's face. Near the animal, and within easy reach of the man's arm, were the two pieces of meat; and scattered about them were the cleanly-picked bones of small animals and birds and the broken shells of birds' eggs. The men looked at them, and then at each other. The one who had asked Dick to drive the cur away looked round with a sudden tenderness on his face.

'Yes, I see it all now,' he said slowly. 'The little brakje caught animals and birds in some manner which he alone can explain, and brought them to his master. He licked the wounds and kept off birds and other intruders which might have been harmful. Of course, he could not bring water, and the man's unconsciousness is very likely due to thirst. Probably he did not lose his reason until some time this forenoon, and then the dog hurried off in quest of food, thinking that the remedy needed. But when he brought the pieces of meat, and his master would not touch them, he must have realized that the remedy was beyond his power to provide; then he came and implored our assistance.

Then, there is another thing, his voice becoming softer; 'I believe the dog has been starving himself in order to provide for his master. See how thin and emaciated he looks, and remember how he smelled that third piece of meat in camp. I suppose he felt that his moments were too precious just then to be wasted in eating. I doubt if he has even tasted food since his master dragged himself up here.'

They were all silent for some minutes, looking at the Kaffir and the dog; then someone asked, 'What shall we do with them?'

'Take them along, of course,' was the prompt response. 'A man who has been cared for as this one has must be worthy of further looking after. His wounds are apparently doing well, and I think we shall have no trouble to pull him through. We will take him down to the camp, and then cary him on to Kimberley. There I will put him in the care of the best surgeon I can find. We must save him for the dog's sake.'

That was what they did do. Before the end of three months the Kaffir was nearly as strong as ever, and by that time they had learned that he was intelligent above his class, and that he was trustworthy and brave. When they offered him the position of hunter for their party, he accepted the place with a broad display of teeth. So the brakje became a fixture of the camp, and though, of course, his first affection was always for the Kaffir, he had enough for all the men of the party, giving perhaps the second place to the one who had asked Dick to drive him away.

God's Instrument.

A KIND-HEARTED OLD LADY WHO WANTED TO HELP PROVIDENCE.

Lord Cockburn, in his 'Memorials of My Time,' speaks of a 'singular race of Scotch old ladies,' who were warm-hearted, very resolute, and utterly indifferent to the habits of the modern world.

Among these was a Miss Menie Trotter, who, though penurious in small things, was possessed of a generosity that could rise to circumstances. She had a contempt for securities, and would trust no bank with her money, but kept all her bills and bank-notes in a green silk bag that hung on her toilet-glass. On each side of the table stood a large white bowl, one of which contained her silver, the other her copper money, accessible to Peggy, her handmaid, or any other servant in the house, for the idea of anyone's stealing money never entered her brain.

One day in the course of conversation, she said to her niece:

'Do you ken, Margaret, that Mrs. Thomas R—— is dead? I was gaun by the door this morning, and thought I wad just look in and speer for her. She was very near her end, but quite sensible, and expressed her gratitude to God for what he had done for her and her fatherless bairns. She said she was leaving a large young family with very small means; but she had that trust in him that they would not be forsaken, and that he would provide for them.

'Now, Margaret, ye'll tell Peggy to bring down the green silk bag that hangs on the corner of my looking-glass, and ye'll tak' twa thousand pounds out o' it, and gi'e it Walter Ferrier for behoof of thae orphan bairns. It will fit out the laddies and be something for the lasses. I want to make good the words, "that God would provide for them." For what else was I sent that way this morning, but as a humble instrument in his hands?'—'Sunday Companion.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

An Old Methodist's Experience.

[The writer of the following verses is Mr. Thomas Wray, of Whitby, Ontario, aged 93 years. He is a brother of Jackson Wray, the noted Yorkshire revivalist preacher.]

It need not be told that now I am old,
And timid and cautious my tread,
Rather shaky in limb and sight rather dim,
With a dizziness in my head.

When I venture abroad as I walk on the road,
Myself often startled I find,
When a carriage draws near, I scarcely can hear,
Though it be close upon me behind.

In the ninety-first year of my sojourning here,
I still by the Spirit am led,
When ready to sink, at the fountain I drink,
And eat of the heavenly bread.

Dependent indeed for all that I need
On others will not be denied,
By the mercy of God, I rest on His word,
And trust Him whatever betide.

In the care of my niece, He giveth me peace,
And from me withholdeth no good,
With kind friends beside, I am daily supplied
With shelter and clothing and food.

While permitted to stay, Lord grant that I may
Be under Thy guardian-care,
Until Thou shall come to summon me home:
Thy kingdom and glory to share.

There is under heaven no other name given,
By which we can free pardon have;
But the Lamb that was slain and liveth again,
Is waiting and mighty to save.

I would in God's eyes as the serpent be wise,
And be filled with His fullness of love,
In the hurry and strife and turmoil of life,
I harmless would be as the dove.

I would have the mind so tender and kind
That was in my Lord while I live,
For His enemies He did pray on the tree,
Those murderers, Father, forgive.

In the light of Thy face and the strength of Thy grace,
Lord Jesus I would learn Thy will,
To do or to be what Thou wouldst have me
To suffer, to work, or be still.

From my earliest youth I have loved Thy truth,
And Thou art still mindful of me,
I take up Thy Book and read as I look:
'My grace is sufficient for thee.'

Of that promise possessed upon I rest,
Till toiling and warfare shall cease;
And my arms are laid down for the Palm and the Crown.
And I enter the Eden of Rest.

THOMAS WRAY.

[For the 'Messenger.'

A Life Lesson.

(To my friend, Will S——, I dedicate the following lines.)

I sat beside the river where the small waves lapped the shore,
And half dreamily I listened to the whispering wavelets' lore;
And they seemed to ask 'Forever and forever, evermore,
Must we plash here idly murmuring till the waters are no more?'
Still I listened, more intently, to the distant rapids' roar,
And the blue St. Lawrence waters seemed their mission to deplore;
'Just to dash against the cruel rocks, to break upon the stone?'
Then they died away in sullenness with heavy sigh and moan.

The current, swiftly, gliding, without ever outward sign,
Spoke calmly, in a still small voice, so kindly and benign,
To the waves and rushing rapids, and to me, in tones so true,
'We're where our maker placed us—each have our part to do;
Shall creature ask Creator why or wherefore thus or so?
Shall the clay ask of the potter whether vessel high or low
He will make it? Let us then in humility and peace,
Do our part, in faith and patience, till He who made us bids us cease.

Long I thought upon that I had heard. A life lesson had been taught;
To do His will, unquestioning, contented with my lot;
Whether with the lowly of the earth, or the mighty of the land,
Unheeding either blame or praise, fulfilling His command.
To conquer self—a battle grim—with many failures rife—
If worsted by the foe at times, to ne'er give up the strife:
To e'er wield worthy weapons, always 'doing' in His name
For His honor and His glory; for His sake glad to suffer shame.

The greatest victories are not won on battle-field or plain;
Nor can men count their triumphs by the numbers they have slain:
What seems success may be but ignominious defeat;
And failure, but the way and means to insure a life complete.
True victor asks not trumpeter to proclaim his valorous deed:
The sense of right within his soul he counts his highest need;
The sun is his own herald at the dawning of the morn;
No emissary he sends forth to tell that day is born.

The moon shows her own rising by her own soft silvery light;
The stars shine out and twinkle 'Here we are' when comes the night;
The rose needs not printed notice to tell of its full bloom;
Before our eyes behold the flower we perceive its sweet perfume.
By their fruits ye know them, always: from pure source clear waters flow;
Do men gather figs of thistles? do thorn trees rich grapes grow?
Not every one that saith, 'Lord, Lord, shall enter into heaven:
To him that doeth the Father's will, that sure reward is given.

L. THOMAS.

Cornwall, Ont.

Children's Praises.

(By Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'Suffer the little children,' said the Master, 'to come unto Me!'
And I think, from out of His glory, He is saying the selfsame word;
He is pleased when the fresh young voices are attuned to the jubilant key
Of the hymns that are gladly lifted to the praise of the children's Lord.

They have never been touched by sorrow, and little they know of pain,
The children who cluster about us, who are tucked in bed at night,
With the mother watching o'er them, and her voice, with its soft refrain,
The last they hear in the gloaming, the first in the morning light.

They have never felt the frost-touch of the doubt that chills the heart,
In the blessed Christ who loves them they believe, and they feel him near;
In their work, and their play, and their lessons, He has ever a present part,
And the praise they lift is the sweeter in His bending and gracious ear.

Suffer the little children to come in their early days,
O friends, in your worldly wisdom, beware lest you keep them back,
For their lips are unstained with guile and their spirits are swift to praise,
And the evil shade of the tempter falls not on their childhood's track.

I am sure the blessed Master hath a special smile for these
His little ones, sweet as flowers that ope to the morning rays,
And, through all the splendid chorals of the heavenly harmonies,
He loves to hear the freshness of the little children's praise.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edge, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

KINDLY TELL THE PREACHER.

Any clergyman not already subscribing to 'World Wide' may have it on trial for six weeks, free of charge. By kindly making this known to your minister you will oblige the publishers.

Correspondence

Irvine Avenue, Westmount, Que.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you a letter and tell you about the visit of the Duke and Duchess. I was up on Cote St. Antoine road when they went to Ville-Marie. We had a very good view from where we were. I saw the Duchess admiring the beautiful scenery. As they rode by, a little girl threw a bunch of flowers at the Duchess. She did not know it was against the rules. It hit the Duchess on the face. She burst out laughing, and last seen, she was holding the flowers in her hand. We waited till they came back. The Duchess was smiling and nodding. I think she is very pretty. I saw Sir Wilfrid Laurier, too. I knew him by his picture. Ville-Marie is a very romantic place. Some of us went up there in the summer. We saw the ruins of the church that was burnt. It must have been an immense place. The grass is growing all over the ruins, and the place where the cellar was is full of water and it looks like a pond, with grass and walls all around it. They have a beautiful old convent with an avenue leading to it, and a garden with trees and a merry-go-round. I liked being up there, it is so quiet, with no houses near; the trees make it so shady and everything around it seems so peaceful. We were going to go through the convent but they were at prayers. I was very sorry; I should like to have gone through. I have told you all I can think of now. I hope you will find my letter interesting.

FLORENCE.

Irvine Avenue, Westmount, Que.

Dear Editor,—In the 'Northern Messenger' it said you wanted some letters about the Duke and Duchess. I went to see them when they were in Montreal. The procession came up St. Catherine street. Lord Strathcona went first. I suppose he wanted to get the house ready for them. When he passed, everybody cheered. There were lots of soldiers on horseback that rode before and behind them. On the sidewalk there was such a big crowd that I could not see, so papa put me on his shoulders, and I saw all right. The Duchess and Duke were far nicer than their picture. The Duchess was all in black. I thought they would be all fixed up like the princes and princesses in fairy tales. When we were there it began to rain. Everybody was dressed up nice. It was fun to see them try to save their hats. The next day they rode by, not far from here. We were playing school, so I didn't go, but when they came back and told me Sir Wilfrid Laurier was there, I was sorry, because I would have almost rather seen him than the Duke and the Duchess. A few weeks after, I saw Lady Laurier's little dog. It was about the size of a rat. Everybody who writes for the 'Northern Messenger' seems to be very fond of cats, so I thought I would tell you that Lady Laurier has nine of them; so am I very fond of cats; I call mine 'Sir Wilfrid.' I could write this better only I have frozen all my fingers.

M. P. C. (Aged 9.)

Upper Hayneville, N. B.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger' and I like it very much. I have only lived here this summer. I came from England and I was very sick coming across the sea. I was fourteen days coming across. I came in a big ship called 'SS. Sicilian.' I like this place pretty well; there were 54 boys and 45 girls that came from England the same time as me. This summer I went picking berries, and when I lived in England we used to buy them. I have learned how to milk, but at first I was afraid of a cow. We have 17 cattle to take care of this winter, 21 sheep, five pigs, two hogs, 34 hens. I have three pets: two cats and a dog; his name is 'Collie.' We have two horses and two colts; their names are 'Nellie,' 'Frank,' 'Chester' and 'Jack.' I had a nice Maltese kitten, and John, one of our boys, took it to his home. I was sorry about my little pet kitten. I go to Sunday-school and meeting. I have had two letters from a little friend of mine, and she likes this place pretty well. She has been very home sick, but she is better now. This is a pretty place, all trees and flowers. We have an orchard with lots of apple trees, and we have got lots of apples. We have got a lot of pumpkins, a thing I never saw till I came here. We do not have money in England like they have here. We have pounds, shillings, pence. I never lived in the country in my life till lately. I always lived in the town. My birthday is on Jan. 10.

ETHEL C.

[When Ethel writes again, please only use one side of the paper. We enjoyed hearing from her. Ed.]

Stratford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and enjoy reading it very much; I subscribed for it out of my own money. I have never seen a letter from Stratford, so thought I would write one. I have just read the letter from George J. McB. He says that his birthday is on Sept. 17, and that he is nine years old, and is in the third grade. I was nine years old on the same date, and am also in the third grade. My day school teacher's name is Miss Garden. I have one sister and one brother, and a pet dog; his name is 'Pat' because his birthday is on March 17. All of us, school children turned out to welcome the Duke and Duchess a few weeks ago, and sang for them. I will write more some other time.

M. CLARENCE W.

Yorkton, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you as I have not seen any letters from Yorkton. I am ten years old, my birthday is on Jan.5. I have two sisters and one brother. My sisters go to school and I go too. We all go to Sunday-school on Sundays. I cannot think of any more to say this time, but next time I write I will tell you about our school concert on Nov. 22.

MABEL P.

Kingston, P. E. Island.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I live on a farm; I go to school and I am in the fifth book. I have four sisters and four brothers. We have six head of cattle and two horses. I have one cat. We have one mile and a half to go to church. My birthday is on June 6. I like reading the 'Messenger.' Our minister's name is the Rev. Mr. Thomas. I go to Sunday-school.

SADIE B. (Aged 12.)

Buckingham, Que.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to you once before, but did not see it in print. I hope this will not find its way to the waste paper bag. I saw a letter in one of the 'Messengers' which contained a puzzle written by 'Evangeline.' She said when she was born her sister was two years and three months old, and at their next birthdays they would both be sixteen. Would she please give the answer as I could not solve it?

HILDA W. J.

Woodside, Musquodoboit, N. S.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen a letter from Woodside I thought I would write one. I go to school. I am in grade seven. My teacher's name is Miss Nellie Johnston from Stewiack Valley. I go to Sunday-school but it is closed now. My Sunday-school teacher's name was Mrs. Chaplin. The only pet I have is a pet lamb; its name is Daisy. I do not take the 'Messenger,' but I get the reading of it from grandma. I may take it this year. I am twelve years old; my birthday is on Sept. 29. I have three brothers, all younger than myself, but no sisters.

OLEAVIA JANE D.

Hemmingford, Que.

Dear Editor,—My brother has taken the 'Northern Messenger' for four years, and we all enjoy reading it very much, especially the Correspondence and the Children's Page. I attend the Hemmingford Model School. My teacher's name is Mr. Sadler. I have not seen very many letters from Hemmingford, but hope to see more. This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger.'

NETTIE C.

Dundonald, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, nine years old. We have five horses and twelve cows. My birthday is on Dec. 2. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and like it very much. I have three pets: two cats and a dog, named 'Rover.' I live on a farm. I have a sister, seventeen years old. I go to school. I have a quarter of a mile to go, and am in the third reader.

DAISY D.

Rosetta, Lanark, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am seven years old. I have a dog and two cats, the dog's name is 'Fido,' and the cats' names are 'Jack' and 'Maudy.' We have two horses; their names are 'Jannie' and 'Billie.' I have a calf; its name is 'Pat.' I go to school every day that I am well.

W. A. C.

TUBERCULOSIS: ITS PREVENTION AND ITS CURE.

'It is in the power of man to cause all parasitic diseases to disappear from the world.'—Pasteur.

'To combat consumption as a disease of the masses successfully, requires the combined action of a wise government, well-trained physicians and an intelligent people.'—Knopf.

Dr. Richer, who has made a specialty of the subject, has an illustrated article in this week's 'World Wide' entitled 'Tuberculosis, a social and medical disease.' The article is practically a series of short articles reviewing the subject under the following headings:

HISTORICAL STATISTICS — PROPORTION OF DEATHS — CURABILITY — COMMUNICABILITY—IS IT HEREDITARY? — HEREDITARY TENDENCY —PREDISPOSITION — PREVENTION —EARLY RECOGNITION OF THE DISEASE — CLIMATE — SANATORIA — DIRECTIONS TO PATIENTS — THE NATIONAL PROBLEM—BOVINE TUBERCULOSIS — TUBERCULOSIS IN OTHER ANIMALS — TUBERCULIN — OTHER FORMS OF TUBERCULOSIS—PHTHISIOPHOBIA — DISINFECTION —CONCLUSIONS.

The article in 'World Wide' is well worth reading by the public generally, and should find its way into the hands of all those who for one reason or another are specially interested in the subject. It would be well if mayors and public health officers caused the distribution of such articles that the public might know of the causes of the disease and the best methods for preventing its ravages. People need information on the subject. 'World Wide,' containing the article and colored supplement, may be bought for two cents on the news-stands or it will be sent on application to the publishers. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue Feb. 15, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Pilgrim Brother—II.—'Punch.'
The War and the Country—'The Times,' London.
The Action at Tafelkop—'The Mail,' London.
The Uganda Railway, and Sir H. M. Stanley—'Morning Post,' London.
Irrepressible Ireland New York 'Evening Post.'
Oxford University and the South African War—'Journal des Débats,' Paris. Translated for 'World Wide.'
The Kind of Teacher Public Schools Want—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'
Killing off Alaska Game—Chicago 'Tribune.'
Giant Voices—'The Mail,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

St. Luke as an Artist—'The Spectator,' London.
The Crisis in the French Theatre—Correspondence of 'The Nation,' New York.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Feb. 2, 1901.—Poem, 'The Pilot,' London.
Ancnt St. Valentine's Day—
'A Ditty'—Sir Philip Sidney.
My Love—Robert Burns.
Love's Philosophy—Percy Bysshe Shelley.
Summum Bonum—Robert Browning.
Life of Napoleon I.—'Daily Telegraph,' London
Literary Quarrels—By Andrew Lang, in the 'Morning Post,' London.
A Kipling Exam. Paper—'The Academy,' London.
The Knight's Vigil—Verse, 'The Pilot,' London.
On a Birthday—Verse, 'The Westminster Budget.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Disinfection of Sleeping Cars—'American Medicine.'
Atmosphere Cleansed by Snowfall.
Flying Reptiles—'The Nation,' New York.
Tuberculosis, a Social and Medical Disease—By Arthur J. Richer, M.D.

'WORLD WIDE
$1.00 a year.
Special rate to subscribers of the 'Messenger,'
Only 75 cents.
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'WITNESS' BUILDING,
Montreal.

HOUSEHOLD.

Parents as Soul-Winners.

(By Lily Manker Allen, in 'Congregationalist.')

When we consider how easily little children may be won for Christ, how naturally and lovingly they turn to him almost from babyhood, we cannot but wonder why so many children of godly parents grow up without becoming Christians. I believe the chief reason for this state of affairs is because the child was not led to see that he was expected to give himself to Christ in childhood; that his acceptance of Christ was not ratified, as it were, by a definite surrender of himself.

As he grows older there comes a feeling of shyness in regard to sacred things, and he begins to hide his deepest feelings from others; and finally, not being definitely committed in the matter, he finds himself afloat to drift, it may be, among whirlpools and rapids and dangerous shoals, until perchance some strong impulse later in life shall lead him to seek and find anchorage. But how much harder it will be then! This is the course that parents are unwittingly leaving open to their children when they endeavor to leave them entirely unbiased during their early years, trusting that they will make the right choice 'when they are old enough to decide for themselves'; but the parent who would avoid all this for his child should improve the blessed opportunities of early childhood. How much better to grow up and unfold in a sunny atmosphere than to be torn up by the roots later on, and transplanted to the spot where the Gardener wants them to be.

By surrender to Christ I do not mean uniting with the church, although that is often the beautiful sequence, and is certainly to be expected sooner or later. Nor would I intimate that the parent can take his child all the way, for no father or mother can give a change of heart. But we may go farther than we often realize; and I would like to suggest some ways in which the parent may help the child to decide for Christ:

1. By seizing the opportunity, when there is a loving desire in the heart, a softened turning toward the good, to invite the child to give himself now.

2. By renewed consecration. At Christmas, or Easter, or on birthday anniversaries, or occasions of deep experiences a family which kneels together to reconsecrate themselves will help the members from slipping back or growing worldly.

3. By sharing our spiritual experiences with our children. It is natural that we should treasure in our hearts our sacred experiences—there is an instinctive shyness in regard to them. But is there not another side? It has been said, 'Some experiences are too sacred to be kept.' I believe if Christians would open their hearts more to each other that the kingdom would come far sooner. We are to be 'stewards of the mystery of godliness,' and we shall be held accountable for the way in which the experiences granted us are used to help others. But, however it may be outside our family circle, we owe it to our children to let them know what God means to us.

The mother who, surprised at her devotions, hurriedly and shamefacedly makes a pretence of doing something else, instead of inviting the child to come and kneel a moment with her, misses a great blessing for herself and a greater for her child. How are our children to know what our Saviour is to us if we constantly close up that side of our being, and how can we expect to win and keep their confidence if we withhold ours from them?

A father who had been deeply moved by an unusual spiritual experience came to the breakfast table with the tears still shining in his eyes. 'Papa, why are tears in your eyes?' asked one of the children. He was a practical, matter-of-fact man, but instead of trying to evade the question or turning it off lightly, he simply replied, 'My child, they are tears of joy for what the Lord has done for me.' Could such an answer fail to impress the children?

4. By a definite surrender on the part of the parents, of their will, time, strength, money, children, home. Many a Christian parent would be astonished, not only at the permeating, spiritualizing influence such a surrender would have upon his own life, but also to see its effect upon his children and upon the home atmosphere. If parents are manifestly absorbed in the things of this world, how can they expect their children to consider the things of Christ as of supreme importance? Happy the family that being 'not conformed to this world' can say, 'he hath made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.'

The Two Sides of it.

(By Priscilla Leonard, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

There was a girl who always said
  Her fate was very hard;
From the one thing she wanted most
  She always was debarred.
There always was a cloudy spot
  Somewhere within her sky;
Nothing was ever quite just right,
  She used to say, and sigh.

And yet her sister, strange to say,
  Whose lot was quite the same,
Found something pleasant for herself
  In every day that came.
Of course, things tangled up sometimes
  For just a little while;
But nothing ever stayed all wrong,
  She used to say, and smile.

So one girl sighed and one girl smiled
  Through all their lives together;
It didn't come from luck or fate,
  From clear or cloudy weather.
The reason lay within their hearts,
  And colored all outside;
One chose to hope, and one to mope,
  And so they smiled and sighed.

Mustard Poultices.

Here's for rapid preparation, quick relief, and no blistering. Certainly enough to recommend this new idea in poultices. Not one-half the housewives know how to make a mustard poultice properly. They have a confused idea of using white of egg for the mixing to prevent blistering, of mixing the mustard with various starchy preparations to keep it from drying out quickly, and all the other 'best methods' that are recommended from time to time; but few really know the best way to quickly relieve pain by this application without having uncomfortable after effects from blistered or tender skin. Now just give this plan a trial. It was recently given me by an experienced nurse as the newest and best idea in poultices, but it is not too new to have been thoroughly tested. Make a paste just thick enough to spread well by mixing Graham flour with warm or cold water. Never use the water hot. Take a piece of stout muslin the size of the poultice needed, and spread thickly with this paste, and then sprinkle over this the prepared ground mustard until the whole surface of the paste is thickly covered. Then place a piece of thin muslin, moistened with warm water, over the poultice, and apply. The paste will keep the poultice moist for hours. The thin cloth between the poultice and the flesh will prevent blistering, unless the skin is very tender—when two thicknesses of the muslin may be used; and several thicknesses of cloth laid between the poultice and the clothing, will keep it from soiling the garments. Then when it is removed there will be no stickiness, nor dampness about the clothing nor the flesh, to encourage the 'taking cold,' which often spoils the good effect of a mustard poultice.—Philadelphia 'Star.'

PLEASE TELL TEACHERS.

Any day school teacher or principal not already taking 'World Wide' may have it on trial for six weeks, free of charge. By kindly making this known to teachers, subscribers will greatly oblige the publishers.

In all correspondence with advertisers in these columns, kindly mention the 'Messenger.' This will oblige the publishers of this paper as well as the advertiser.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

Advertisements.

dinner time, any time is a good time to use
CANDLES
They give a light that's rich and brilliant. No odor. Many styles. Sold everywhere.
IMPERIAL OIL CO.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

Cures Indigestion and Constipation.

"I have been in constant use of your Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit for four months. I cannot speak all that is to be said in its behalf in this letter. It constitutes at least 90 percent of my food. It has cured indigestion and Constipation. It seems to satisfy the appetite and to take the place of meats and other articles of food heretofore used. I believe there is nothing that will equal it for persons inclined to indigestion and constipation."

I. B. PORTER,
Denver, Colorado.

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT.
For Sale by All Grocers.

VELVET PIECES FROM FACTORY — NICE for fancy work, send ten cents for assortment, money back if dissatisfied. NORTHERN IMPORTING CO., London, Ont. Dept. N.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING
COCOA
BREAKFAST — SUPPER.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

soothingly. 'We know your willing heart. That's more than all the music in the world.'

His hand was half lifted to give a signal to the tambourines and the disappointed audience was already beginning to straggle away.

Suddenly the man with the sympathy in his eyes broke away from his astonished companion and stepped quickly over to the mortified lassie.

'Vil you then let me take your violin vonce?' he asked, gently, in broken English.

'I can play heem a little. I vould haf the wish to show you and these good people. Do not haf fear. I shall not hurt heem. There—so! I thank you.'

She surrendered it to him, wondering, half suspicious, wholly surprised at his request.

His friend had meanwhile recovered his breath and his power of locomotion. He now laid a restraining hand on the shoulder of the violinist.

'Carl, in Heaven's name, what madness is this?' he said. 'Come away. You ought to be at the hotel by this time instead of playing the fool here.'

The man with the violin placed it in position and shook off his comrade good-naturedly.

'My friend, it ees as you say—"in Heafen's name," zis folly. Listen, then!'

State street is a fairly-exciting thoroughfare. It is never at a loss for matters of interest with which to regale its devotees; seldom for a sensation. World's fair crowds have thronged it. It has worn proudly the regal decorations of an Autumn festival. Over its pavements pass beauty and wealth, poverty and crime. Daily its shop windows are hung with what there is of gayest and brightest and most artistic in the world. Nightly its lights hang like stars above the heedless heads of pleasure seekers.

But in all its varied history never has the street experienced anything like that which befell it when the poor little violin of the Salvation Army lassie responded to the touch of that hand.

Clear and sweet and triumphant, like the tidings of some great victory, the notes came at first.

The people gathered like bees. Shop gazing was forgotten. The gorgeous colors in the windows paled, the lights faded. Clanging of street-car bells and call of newsboys fell upon ears so filled with harmony as to be deaf to them. There was but a common impulse—to listen. As far as the music carried there was silence.

After the first joyous outburst there came notes of tenderness and pleading persuasiveness. Then sorrow, giving speedy place to joy. Last a great hymn of praise and thanksgiving falling like a benediction.

When it was over people lingered for a while, and then turned away slowly, thoughtfully. The Christmas season seemed to have taken on a new significance, apart from material things, a beauty of which the giving of gifts was but a small part.

As quickly as he could the magician who had wrought the miracle extricated himself from the crowd and rejoined his friend. But Sister Lydia, following, laid a timid, detaining hand upon his arm.

'Oh won't you tell me who you are?' she begged. 'I do not know how to thank you, but I shall never forget.'

The violinist looked pleased, but only shook his head.

'My name,' he said, 'eet does not matter. Think of me as one who has known failure also, and when the music leaves you be not discouraged.'

So Private, or she may be Lieutenant, Luella cherishes a nameless memory. Only the man who followed the strange violinist to his hotel on the lake front knows his name. And he is forbidden to make it known, lest people who have paid big prices for seats at the concerts of a certain famous master should think that their idol was using for advertising purposes what he declares was nothing—'just a whim.'

The Story of a Little Blue Ticket

(By Miss Nannie Lee Frayser, in Kentucky 'Sunday-School Reporter.')

The following incident was related by a Louisville pastor, and is repeated as nearly as the writer remembers it, with the hope that it may encourage some primary teacher who has not yet been able to 'see results.'

It was a bitterly cold night, and Dr. —— was on his way to the Union Station to meet friends, due on a late train.

The station was thronged with its restless sea of humanity, as it always is, and the Dr. stepped into a friendly niche, where unseen, he might observe the passers-by.

Soon his attention was attracted by a cripple who was painfully making his way toward the nearest track. Both legs were gone at the knees, and the arms were only stumps.

As the poor fellow toiled painfully over his little distance, the reverend gentleman involuntarily moved forward to assist him, when he noticed two of his official members walking arm-in-arm down the platform.

Stepping back, within the shadow, he thought, 'I will not go myself, for it will give me much pleasure to see these members, who are under my charge, do this act of kindness and brotherly love.' But, alas! for the faith of the minister! The official brethren, like modern priest and Levite, 'passed by on the other side,' leaving the poor fellow to his fate.

With a sinking heart, the doctor was just hurrying forward again when a newsboy ran up to the cripple, and squaring himself, looked at him and said, 'Well, pardner, looks like yer might er hed some hard luck, aint yer? Wouldn't yer like to hev a boost a-gittin' on the train?' 'Well, yes, I would,' replied the man, looking wistfully up at the step that seemed impossible of mounting, 'I don't seem to be able to make it alone.'

'Jest yer wait a minit till I put down my papers and I'll help yer on there in a jiffy,' and dropping his papers on a box near by he ran back, calling out cheerily, 'Now, come on, we're ready,' and with all the strength in his lithe young body and all the tenderness in his brave young heart, he lifted the man bodily up the steps and carried him into the car, where he placed him comfortably upon a seat. Then, again squaring himself in front of the man, he said, 'Say, pard, how are yer off fer chink, anyway? Ain't got much, eh?' Well, I makes a lot sellin' papers, jest yer take this roller and help yerself along'—and he shoved a shining dollar into the coat pocket of his charge.

'Oh, I don't need much money—I'm on my way home to my father's and I can get on all right until I get there,' said the grateful man

'Oh, well, I'll feel more easier about yer if I know yer've got it—so here's luck to yer, and good-by,' and doffing his cap to the comrade, the boy leaped off the train, almost into the arms of Dr. ——, who had watched the whole proceeding.

Laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, he said, 'My son, you have just done a very noble deed, and I want to thank you for it.'

The boy ducked his head, and said in an embarrassed way, 'I didn't know nobody was er watchin'.'

'I know you didn't, my lad, but at least two people saw you and appreciated your act. Now tell me, do you go to Sunday-school?

'No, I don't go no more now—don't seem to want to go any more. My ma, she uster get me ready of a Sunday mornin', and wash my face and comb my hair and start me off. But sence she's went away I don't keer to go no more. Yer see, I'm here by myself now, but,' and his face brightened perceptibly, 'yer needn't think I've forgot all I learned there, and thet's what made me help the poor fellow yonder,' and he fished into the depths of his pocket and brought forth a little blue ticket that bore the marks of many handlings, just such a one as you and I have many a time given and received at Sunday-school. On the bit of blue pasteboard there was printing, and the child went on putting his own interpretation on it thus, 'I don't know just what the words sez, exactly, but my teacher told me as how it means yer must treat other folks jest as good as ye'd have them treat yer, and there's a feller up yonder, where my ma is at, that keers a heap when he sees ye do it.'

The doctor took the blue ticket from the little dirty hand, and on it he read the words that have been the keystone of the noblest lives. 'Inasmuch as ye did unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.'

When the teacher who repeats this incident heard it, she said in her own discouraged heart, 'Oh, ye of little faith, wherefor did ye doubt?'

Abide in Me.

That mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lor
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
Weary with striving, and with longing faint
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.

Abide in me, o'ershadow by Thy love
Each half-formed purpose, and dark thought of sin;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine;

The soul, alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand divine;
Dwell thou within it! tune and touch th chord,
Till every note and string shall answe Thine!

Abide in me—there have been moments pur
When I have seen Thy face and felt Thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be;
I pray Thee now, fulfil my earnest prayer—
Come and abide in me, and I in Thee!

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

READING ROOMS.

Libraries and Reading Rooms not already subscribing to 'World Wide' may have it on application for a six weeks trial, free of charge. Subscribers will kindly make this known and oblige the publishers.

LESSON X.—MARCH 9.

The Disciples Scattered

Acts viii., 3-13. Read Acts viii., 3-25. Memory verses 4-22-23.

Golden Text.

Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word.'—Acts viii., 4.

Daily Readings.

Monday, March 3.—Acts viii., 3-17.
Tuesday, March 4.—Acts viii., 18-25.
Wednesday, March 5.—John iv., 31-42.
Thursday, March 6.—1 Cor. ii., 9-16.
Friday, March 7.—Matt. x., 23-33.
Saturday, March 8.—Psa. lxxxix., 7-16.
Sunday, March 9.—Isa. lii., 7-15.

Lesson Text.

(3) As for Saul he made havock of the church, entering into every house, and hailing men and women committed them to prison. (4) Therefore they that were scattered abroad went every where preaching the word. (5) Then Philip went down to the city of Samaria, and preached Christ unto them. (6) And the people with one accord gave heed unto those things which Philip spake, hearing and seeing the miracles which he did. (7) For unclean spirits, crying with loud voice, came out of many that were possessed with them; and many taken with palsies, and that were lame, were healed. (8) And there was great joy in that city. (9) But there was a certain man, called Simon, which beforetime in the same city used sorcery, and bewitched the people of Samaria, giving out that himself was some great one: (10) To whom they all gave heed, from the least to the greatest, saying, This man is the great power of God. (11) And to him they had regard, because that of long time he had bewitched them with sorceries. (12) But when they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized, both men and women. (13) Then Simon himself believed also: and when he was baptized, he continued with Philip, and wondered, beholding the miracles and signs which were done.

Suggestions.

After the martyrdom of Stephen a great persecution rose against the Christians. Saul, the young man who had assisted at the stoning of Stephen, now became most active in trying to stamp out the Christian religion by dragging men and women to jail and making life intolerable for them in Jerusalem.

The persecution however had not the effect intended by the Jews, though it scattered the disciples through the country round about and even as far as Phoenicia, Antioch and Cyprus. But everywhere they went they told why they were driven from Jerusalem, and as the people listened to the gospel from their lips and saw how the Spirit of Christ made them brave to suffer for his name, they believed on the Lord Jesus, and the number of Christians grew greater instead of less.

Philip, the evangelist (Acts xxi., 8), one of the seven deacons, went down to the city of Samaria and at once began to proclaim the glad news of a Saviour to all the people. And as he preached God worked through him many miracles and signs of the power of the gospel, healing the lame and the paralytics and those who had evil spirits. When the people saw the wondrous works, they flocked to hear the wondrous words. Seeing and hearing, they could not but believe, and there was great joy in that city, as there is in any place where the gospel of Christ is proclaimed and accepted.

But in that city there was a man who had long been accustomed to having all the people think that he was the greatest man in town because he mystified them with his magic tricks or conjuring. As they could not see through his tricks they thought that he was gifted with some great power from God. But when they saw the real power of God working through Philip they gladly turned away from the false light, and believing sincerely in the glad news of the kingdom of God, both men and women were baptized into the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Simon also, seeing that Philip's miracles were real and genuinely from above, believed in this great power and professing himself to be a Christian was baptized and joined himself to Philip.

The apostles had not left Jerusalem at the time of the persecution. They felt it was their duty to stay there and that God would protect them as long as he wanted them there. When they heard of the wonderful work Philip was doing in Samaria Peter and John went down to see the work and to help Philip by their greater experience and knowledge of Christ. When they came they laid their hands in blessing on the new converts and prayed for them that they might receive the Holy Spirit. These were the first converts from among the Samaritans; when our Lord was passing through Samaria and talked to the woman at the well many of the people there had believed on him, but their faith did not seem to take any very definite shape until the preaching of Philip confirmed them in their belief. The strict Jewish Christians were not sure at first that these conversions were real, because they felt as if salvation might be only for the Jews. But the Lord Jesus had given to Peter the spiritual keys of the kingdom of heaven on earth (Matt. xvi., 19) and with them Peter was to open the doors of the kingdom to the Jews first (Acts ii., 14-38); then to the Samaritans (Acts viii., 14-15) and finally to the Gentiles (Acts x., 21-44). And from that time, the kingdom of heaven is open to all believers.

Now Simon, the magician, had been wonderingly watching Philip all these days, hoping that he could in some way obtain the same wonderful power in order to draw the public attention to himself. No doubt he had been one of those upon whom the apostles had laid their hands, but he had not received the Holy Spirit because God saw that his heart was not right. He was insincere, he wanted God's gifts merely for his own glory and God would not think of trusting his best gift to such a man. The Spirit of God can only dwell in a cleansed temple (2 Cor. iii., 16-17.) But Simon thought that if God would not give him the power, perhaps he could bribe the apostles to give it to him. He made the great mistake of thinking that the power was a gift apart from God, not knowing that the Holy Spirit is inseparably united with God and the Lord Jesus Christ (John xiv., 23-26). When Peter saw the spirit of Simon he rebuked him sharply and advised him to repent and pray God to give him a right heart. Then Simon begged Peter to pray for him that he might not be punished for his wickedness. But this was not true repentance.

Questions.

Who was one of the most active persecutors of the Christians?

What did the Christians do when they were scattered by persecution?

Where did Philip go?

What did God do through him there?

What did Peter and John do when they came?

How did God answer their prayers?

Why did Simon not receive the Holy Spirit?

C. E. Topic.

Sun., March 9.—Topic.—The secret of endurance.—Heb. xi., 24-27; Ex. xxxiii., 9-23.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE GREATEST BOOK.

Mon., March 3.—Bible wisdom.—Ps. xix., 7.
Tues., March 4.—Bible happiness.—Ps. xix., 8.
Wed., March 5.—Bible profit.—2 Tim. iii., 16.
Thu., March 6.—Bible power.—Deut. iv., 8.
Fri., March 7.—Bible guidance.—Ps. xix., 11.
Sat., March 8.—Bible study.—Deut. xxx., 11-14.
Sun., March 9.—Topic.—The greatest book in the world.—Ps. cix., 18-97-105-130.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

Saved.

Several years ago, one cold Sunday morning, a young man crept out of a market house in Philadelphia, into the nipping air, just as the bells began to ring for church. He had slept under a stall all night, or rather had lain there in a stupor from a debauch.

His face, which had once been delicate and refined, was blue from cold and blotched with sores; his clothes were of a fine texture, but they hung on him in rags covered with mud.

He staggered, faint with hunger and exhaustion; the snowy streets, the gaily dressed crowds thronging to church, swam before his eyes; his brain was dazed for want of his usual stimulant.

He gasped with a horrid sick thirst, a mad craving for liquor, which the sober man cannot imagine. He looked down at the ragged coat flapping about him, at his brimless hat, to find something he could pawn for whiskey, but had nothing. Then he dropped upon a stone step, leading, as it happened, into a church.

Some elegantly dressed women, seeing the wretched sot, drew their garments closer and hurried by on the other side.

One elderly woman turned to look at him just as two young men of his own age halted.

'That is George C——,' said one. 'Five years ago he was a promising lawyer in P——. His mother and sister live there still. They think he is dead.'

'What did it?'

'Trying to live in a fashionable set first, then brandy.'

'You have not had breakfast yet, my friend,' said one of them. 'Come, let us go together and find some.'

George C— —muttered something about a 'trifle' and 'tavern.'

But his friend drew his arm within his own and hurried him, trembling and resisting, down the street to a little hall where a table was set with strong coffee and a hot, savory meal. It was surrounded with men and women as wretched as himself.

He ate and drank ravenously.

When he had finished his eye was almost clear and his step steady. As he came up to his new friend he said:

'Thanks! You have helped me.'

'Let me help you farther. Sit down and listen to some music.'

Somebody touched a few plaintive notes on the organ and a hymn was sung, one of the old, simple strains which mothers sing to their children and bring themselves nearer to God. The tears stood in George C.'s eyes. He listened while a few words of Jesus were read. Then he rose to go.

'I was once a man like you,' he said, looking out his hand. 'I believe in Christ; but it is too late now.'

'It is not too late,' cried his friend.

It is needless to tell how he pleaded with him, nor how for months he renewed his efforts.

He succeeded at last.

George C—— has been for four years a sober man. He fills a position of trust in the town where he was born, and his mother's heart is made glad in her old age.

Every Sunday morning the breakfast is set, and wretched men and women whom the world rejects are gathered in to it. Surely it is work which Christ would set his followers upon that day.—'Truth.'

Dr. W. G. Grace, the well-known cricketer, says that the way to have good health is to 'live a natural, temperate life, get all the outdoor exercise you can, and don't smoke.' He is a life-long abstainer from tobacco.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscription extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

LITTLE FOLKS

Chinese Children.

(By Rev. F. W. S. O'Neill, M.A., Moukden, in 'Daybreak.')

The boys have a better time, as a rule, than their sisters. And so, let us see something about the boys. Here we have a mite of a chap called 'Small Gem,' It is summer time, in early morning. 'Small Gem' wakens, rubs his eyes, and beats off the flies that have been crowding on his face. He slips down from the *k'ang. Wash his face? not he. And, whisper, he does not even put his clothes on, but out he darts into the lane to have some fun making mud-pies or dust-heaps.

If his mother should object to that free-and-easy costume as being too scanty, he may slip on his blue cotton trousers, tie them round his waist, and now, at any rate, he is respectable enough.

What does he do all day? If he is a biddable boy he does not object to running messages now and again for the family. For instance, you may see him coming back from the street with a small kettle of boiling water, and if you make enquiry he does not object to telling you that he has been buying a quarter of a farthing's worth of water for his aunt to drink, with sugar in it. It's funny to buy hot water in a shop, isn't it? As there is no open fire in Chinese houses, and a separate stove-fire would cost too much, hot water for tea, etc. (that is, good water), is sold in cook shops. But 'Small Gem' is fond of amusing himself, and if his people are too poor to send him to school, then he will play with other boys —say, at a game of chance with bits of broken crockery, and the convenient dust for a draught-board, or whatever you might call it; or if there is a theatre on in the neighborhood his mother may not see much of her 'Small Gem' except at meal-times.

Chinese theatres are held in the open air, and are watched by young and old, free of charge. However, it is not all smooth sailing for our young friend. Once in a while he must undergo the infliction of having his head shaved all over, except two round patches near his crown, so that his two little pigtails (which will afterwards be plaited into a single bigger one) may be let grow.

And then he may have the very common complaint of stomach-ache, which will not improve his temper. So that he may become so cross, especially if he does not get just what he wants, that he will jump about in a rage, 'hopping mad.' Some children get into such furious tempers that their parents hardly know what to do with them. The mothers again

CHINESE BOY AND MOTHER.

have many queer superstitions. Here is an illustration. Suppose 'Small Gem' runs in crying and frightened because a couple of dogs had started close by to fight, his mother supposes that one of his souls (he is believed to have ten altogether) has fled away with the fright, so she takes some water and sprinkles it on the ground where the trouble arose, saying, '"Small Gem," come home, come!'

She may then sprinkle a little on the boys head, with the words, 'The soul has entered the body.' Then our little friend is quite well again, or ought to be, if his mother's strange device were right. There are more elaborate plans for more serious forms of this so-called 'fright-disease,' all based on the idea that a soul may leave the body for a while, and must be brought back if the child is to be in good health. Poor ignorant mothers, sitting in darkness!

When 'Small Gem' has grown older a little, perhaps about twelve or fourteen now, he may be sent to the street with a tray hung over his shoulder to sell sweets, and thus add to the family income. But he must be pretty smart, and be willing to go, otherwise this plan will not succeed.

When autumn comes you will maybe see him with a wooden rake in the fields, gathering dried grass and weeds along with numbers of boys and even men, to prepare for the cold, frosty winter, when he will be very glad of every stitch and rag of clothing he can get hold of to keep him from shivering.

But what about the boys who go to school? Let's take another boy called 'Small Happiness.' When he is eight years of age, we'll say, he is sent to school. He has no home lessons. Eh, that's good, you may be thinking. But wait a bit. At sunrise he gets up and sets out for school; when there he kicks off his shoes (which have no laces), gets on the k'ang, doubles his legs under him before a low table, and proceeds to rhyme out loud his task for the day, swinging his body from side to side. The other boys around him are doing the same thing, but the noise does not prevent 'Small Happiness' from learning off his page of characters. The first book he is put to is the 'Hundred Surnames.' What he rhymes at is therefore like as if you had to repeat 'Smith, Brown, Jones —Smith, Brown, Jones,' and 97 other surnames, until you could say them off pat without missing one.

*The k'ang is a kind of broad bench of brick work, running along the walls of the room. There is a fire at one end, and the smoke runs through a flue inside all the way, and keeps it warm. It is used for sitting and sleeping on.

Who'd Be a Donkey?

(Mrs. Prosser, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

'Who'd be a donkey?' said a smart-looking horse that was grazing in a meadow, under the hedge of which a heavily-laden donkey was picking up a thistle.

'Who'd be a donkey?' said a cow in the opposite meadow, looking at him through the gate.

'Who'd be a donkey?' said an

elderly gentleman, dressed in black, walking in a reflecting manner up the road, his arms crossed behind his back, and his stick under his arm.

'Friends,' said the donkey with a very long piece of bramble hanging from his mouth, 'you'll excuse my speaking while I'm eating, which is not polite; but, in order to set your benevolent hearts at rest, I beg to assure you that I'd be a donkey.'

'Well,' said the horse, 'there's no accounting for taste. I wouldn't. Do you mean to say that you prefer your ragged pasture out there to my delicate fare in here?'

'I never tasted yours,' said the donkey; 'mine is very pleasant.'

'Do you mean to say, friend,' asked the cow, 'that you prefer carrying that heavy load to living at ease as I do?'

'I never lived at ease; I am used to my burden,' said the donkey.

'I should think, my poor fellow,' said the gentleman, 'you would be glad even to change places with your master, vagabond as he is. You would certainly escape beating and starvation. I see the marks on your poor head, where his blows have been, and your ribs plainly tell what your ordinary fare is.'

'Sir,' said the donkey, 'I am greatly obliged to you for your pity, but I assure you it is misplaced. My master is more of a brute than I am, both when he gets intoxicated and when he beats me. I don't like beating, especially about the head; but it is a part of my lot to bear it, and when the pain is past I forget it. As to starving, there are degrees in starvation; I am many points from the bottom of the scale, as you may see by the delicate piece of bramble I was finishing when you spoke. I believe my master, who cannot dine on a hedge, suffers from hunger more than I do.'

'Well, my friend,' said the gentleman, 'your philosophy is great; but that burden must be too much for you; it is twice too heavy for your size.'

'It is heavy, sir; but who is without a burden? You, sir, for instance—pardon me; not for worlds of thistles would I bring you on a par with a poor donkey—you are, as I should judge, the clergyman of this parish.'

'Yes,' said the gentleman.

'And you have a family?'

'Yes—six children.'

'And servants, of course?'

'Yes—three.'

'Dear me!' said the donkey. 'Sir, excuse me again; but what is my burden to yours? A parish, six children, and three servants!'

'Oh, but my cares are such that I am constituted to bear them.'

'Just so, sir,' said the donkey; 'and my burden fits my back. The truth is, sir, I believe, and I would recommend you (once more excuse me) to put it into your next sermon, that half, and more than half, of our miseries are imaginary; and half, and more than half, of our blessings are lost for want of seeing them. I learned this from my mother, who was a very sensible donkey, and my experience of life has shown me its truth.

'With neither of my friends over the hedge would I change place, scornful as they look while I say it. As for you, sir, let me tell you that a thunder-storm, which will not injure my old gray coat, will spoil your new black one; and I advise you to run for it, while I finish my dinner.'

A Touching Incident.

The following appeared in a Detroit paper:

There is a family in this city who are dependent upon a little child for the present sunshine of themselves. A few weeks ago the young wife and mother was stricken down to die. It was so sudden, so dreadful, when the grave family physician called them together in the parlor, and in his solemn professional way intimated to them the truth—there was no help.

Then came the question among them who would tell her. Not the doctor! It would be cruel to let the man of science go to their dear one on such an errand. Not the aged mother, who was to be left childless and alone. Not the young husband who was walking the floor with clenched hands and rebellious heart. Not—there was only one other, and at this moment he looked up from the book he had been playing with, unnoticed by them all, and asked gravely:

'Is mamma doin' to die?'

Then, without waiting for an answer, he sped from the room and upstairs as fast as his little feet would carry him. Friends and neighbors were watching by the sick woman. They wonderingly noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed and laid his small hand on his mother's pillow.

'Mamma,' he asked, in sweet, caressing tones, 'is you 'fraid to die?'

The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she had been thinking of this.

'Who—told—you—Charlie?' she asked faintly.

'Doctor, an' papa, an' gamma — everybody,' he whispered. 'Mamma, dear 'ittle mamma, doan' be 'fraid to die, 'ill you?'

'No, Charlie,' said the young mother, after one supreme pang of grief; no, mamma won't be afraid!'

'Jus' shut your eyes in 'e dark, mamma, teep hold my hand—an' when you open 'em, mamma, it'll be all light there.'

When the family gathered awe-stricken at the bedside Charlie held up his little hand.

'H-u-s-h! My mamma doin' to sleep. Her won't wake up here any more!'

And so it proved, There was no heart-rending farewell, no agony of parting; for when the young mother woke she had passed beyond, and, as baby Charlie said:

'It was all light there.'

The Kind Little Rain-Drops.

'Oh, dear* I am all drying up!'
'And I.' 'And I.' 'And I.'
So said some thirsty violets,
Afraid that they would die.

'Take courage. I have come to help,'
'And I.' 'And I.' 'And I.'
So said a shower of rain-drops
A-hurrying from the sky.

The pretty blossoms drank their fill,
Looked up and sweetly smiled,
There is a lovely lesson here,
For you, my little child.
—'Youth's Companion.'

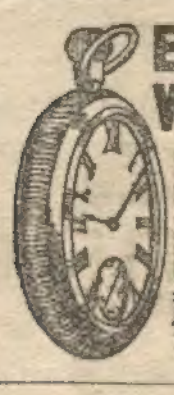
Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is February, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

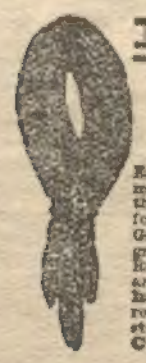
Advertisements.



Earn This Watch

by selling at 10c. each, only 2 dozen

Collar Buttons with rolled gold lever tops and nicely finished ivory backs. They are something every body needs and therefore very easy to sell. This Watch is neat in appearance, with silver nickel ornamented case, hour, minute and seconds hands, and fitted with a reliable and durable movement that with care will last 10 years. Write for Buttons. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Watch, postpaid. Be sure to write to-day. **THE GOLDALOID CO., BOX 403, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**



FUR RUFF FREE

Earn this handsome Fur Ruff, 22 inches long, made of selected skins, a perfect imitation of the finest sable, with real pretty head and tail, for selling at 15c. each, only 8 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Our agents are delighted with them. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Pins, sell them, return the money and receive this warm stylish Ruff postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 404, TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE

3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved gold Ring given for selling at **15c.** each, only 10 **Jewel Top Lead Pencils**, full length, finest quality, beautifully colored, the tops set with splendid imitation Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, etc. **Just out. They go like wildfire.** Write for Pencils. Sell them, return $1.50 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **HOME SPECIALTY CO., BOX 409, Toronto.**

PERCUSSION GUN FREE

Given for selling at 10c each only **15 Jewel Top Lead Pencils** full length, finest quality, beautifully colored, the tops set with splendid imitation Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, etc. **Just out. They go like Wildfire.** This splendid Rifle is 25 inches long, of the latest model, with bright nickel barrel, improved lock and hammer, and polished wood stock. It explodes caps and shoots shot, slugs and darts. Write for Pencils. Sell them, return $1.50 and we send your gun with 100 percussion caps, all charges paid. **Home Specialty Co., Box 421 Toronto.**

FREE 6 LACE HANDKERCHIEFS

Fine white linen lawn, full size, hemstitched with beautiful lace edge, given for selling only 1 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return $1.20, and receive your 6 Lace Handkerchiefs, postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co., Box 430 Toronto, Ont.**

FREE GOLD CASED

Watch, elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth $20.00. We give it for selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. fashionable Hat Pins set with handsome Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. They look worth 50c. and sell like hot cakes. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and receive this handsome watch, postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX (2) TORONTO**

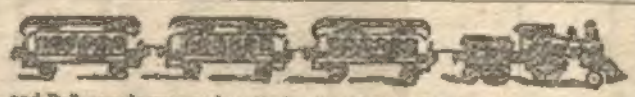
MAGIC LANTERN

with powerful adjustable lenses, showing 72 comic views of boys and girls, men and woman, wild animals, etc. given for selling at 10c. each only 1 doz. gold-topped ivory backed lever Collar Buttons. **They are easy to sell.** Everybody needs them. Write for Buttons. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. **GOLDALOID CO., BOX 413 TORONTO.**

120 LATEST SONGS AND 4 PIECES OF MUSIC 10c.

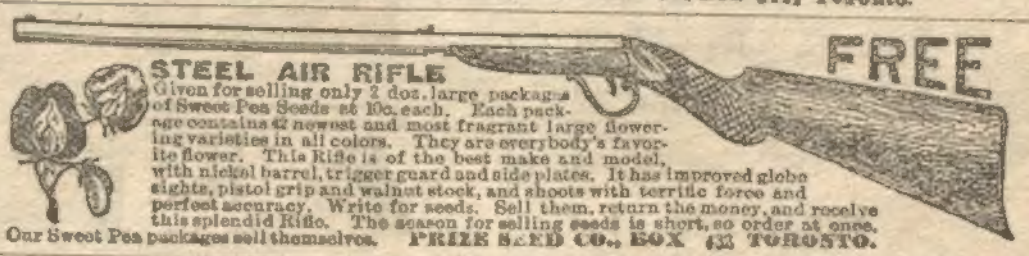
All the latest hits, comic, pathetic and sentimental in one large volume, 8 x 11 inches, clearly printed on good paper and neatly bound in attractive colored covers. 120 Songs and 8 pieces of music, 15c. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO**

Advertisements.



FREE Lightning Express.—

Runs by clockwork. Consists of an up-to-date locomotive, a tender, flat car, box car, passenger coach and Pullman sleeper, made entirely of metal, beautifully colored. Given for selling only 4 dozen large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. Write for Perfume, sell it, return the money, and receive this complete train postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co., Box 412, Toronto.**



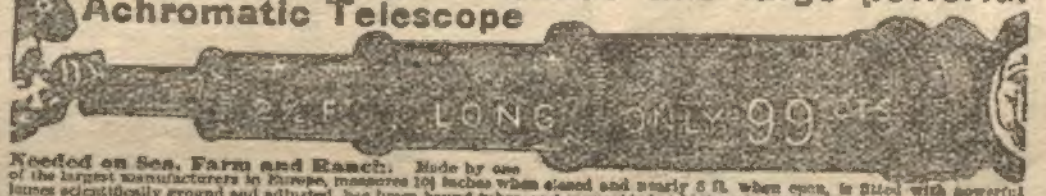
STEEL AIR RIFLE FREE

Given for selling only 2 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. This Rifle is of the best make and model, with nickel barrel, trigger guard and side plates. It has improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock, and shoots with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Write for seeds. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Rifle. The season for selling seeds is short, so order at once. Our Sweet Pea packages sell themselves. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 433 TORONTO.**

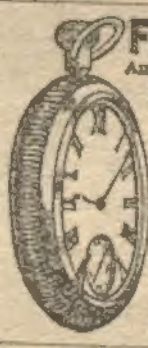
RIBBON REMNANT BARGAINS SPLENDID VALUES

These Ribbons are all from one to three yards in length, many of them of the very finest quality, in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths, suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. You cannot buy such fine Ribbons as these at any store without paying many times what we ask. Our stock of Ribbons from which we make up these packages consists of Crown Edge, Gros-Grain Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman, and various other plain and fancy styles. All colors. No remnant less than one yard long. All first-class useful goods. Carefully packed in boxes and sent, postpaid, at 35c. a box, or 3 boxes for 90. **MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., BOX 401 Toronto.**

Face to Face with the Man in the Moon, Special 60 Day Offer to introduce this large powerful Achromatic Telescope



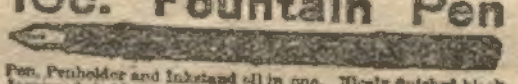
Needed on Sea, Farm and Ranch. Made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe, measures 10½ inches when closed and nearly 3 ft. when open, is fitted with powerful lenses scientifically ground and adjusted, has brass bound tubes, and is provided at both ends with brass caps to exclude dust. It brings to view objects miles away with astonishing clearness. Telescopes of this size have formerly sold at from $5.00 to $10.00. **Our Special 60 Day Introductory Price, only, 99c. postpaid.** This is a great chance. Don't miss it, order to-day. **THE MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**



FREE

We give this handsome polished nickel Watch American Lever Movement, for selling only 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties of all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. Write and we mail the seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send your neat reliable Watch, postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 403 TORONTO.**

15c. Fountain Pen



Pen, Penholder and Inkstand all in one. Nicely finished black Japanned holder and cap. Nevada gold nib, and improved vulcanized rubber non-corrosive feed. Writes 5,000 words with one filling. Can be carried in the pocket safely, and will not leak. Is always with you, always ready, and writes continuously for hours when needed. If you want the biggest barrain you ever saw, send for one at once. Agents sell them fast at 25c each. Our price only 12c each or $1.50 doz., postpaid. **The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto, Ont.**

FREE GRAND SOLO ACCORDEON

Beautifully finished, 10 nickel keys, 2 stops, 2 sets of reeds, ebonized case, open action and double bellows, nickelled protectors and clasps, given for selling only 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds, sell them, return the money, and we will send you this magnificent Accordeon. The Prize Seed Co., Box 429 Toronto.

Free

This handsome silver nickel Watch, with fancy edge and reliable movement, given for selling, at 10c. each, only 2 doz. **Jewel Top Lead Pencils**, full length, finest quality, beautifully colored, the Tops set with splendid imitation Diamonds, Sapphires, Emeralds, Amethysts, Rubies and Turquoise. **Just out. All the rage. They go like wildfire.** Write for Pencils. Sell them, return the money, and we will send your handsome Watch, postpaid. **The Home Specialty Co., Box 403 Toronto.**

FREE 3 Beautiful Opals

that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a beautifully engraved gold Ring given for selling only 10 beautiful Bouquet Stick Pins at 10c. each. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Pins. Sell them, return $1.00 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **Pin Co., Box 409 Toronto.**

FREE Gold Watch

Handsome polished Nickel, guaranteed reliable American Watch for selling at 10c. each, only 2 doz. beautifully finished, full-sized Cabinet Photographs of Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, Queen Alexandria and the Prince and Princess of Wales or this elegantly engraved Gold Finished Double Hunting Case Watch here shown, (Lady's or Gent's size), for selling only 4 doz. **THE PHOTOS SELL LIKE HOT CAKES.** Write and we send Photos. Sell them, return the money, and we send your magnificent watch, postpaid. **THE HOME ART CO., Box 417 TORONTO**

FREE PHONOHARP

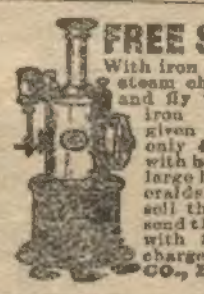
Sweet tone, easy to learn, substantially made with piano finish and silver steel strings, given for selling at 15c. each, only 10 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we send this splendid Phonoharp, tuning key, pick, complete instructions and a choice selection of popular music, postpaid. Jewelry Co., Box 434 Toronto

FREE

3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved gold Ring, given for selling at **15c.** each, only 7 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return $1.05 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. Jewelry Co., Box 405, Toronto.

FREE

Handsome Silver nickel Watch, with ornamented edge and reliable American movement, given for selling only 2 doz. large, beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return $2.40, and we send your Watch, postpaid. **ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 437 TORONTO.**



FREE STEAM ENGINE

With iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, given for selling at **15c.** each only 4 Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return the money, and we send this well-made real Steam Engine with Spirit Lamp, Funnel, etc., all charges paid. **THE JEWELRY CO., Box 415 Toronto, Ontario.**

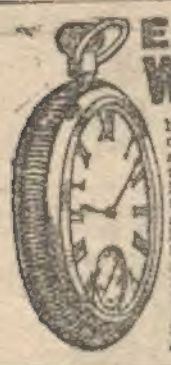
TOY GRAPHOPHONE.

American Model, made entirely of metal, with silver colored record, 6-inch brass horn, and regulating fan. Runs by clockwork and plays a pretty music box selection. **Given for selling only** 3 dozen large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money and we will send this Graphophone, postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co., Box 413 Toronto.**

STEREOSCOPE

Finely made, with nicely varnished frame, polished black hoods and clear powerful lenses through which the views appear like scenes in actual life, **given** for selling only 4 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for perfume, sell it, return the money and we send your stereoscope with a fine assortment of views, all charges paid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 442 TORONTO, Ont.**

Advertisements.



EARN THIS WATCH

by selling at 15c. each only 16 fashionable Silver and Gold Hat Pins, with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome rubies, amethysts, emeralds, etc. **They are something entirely new.** Every lady will buy one. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send, postpaid, this handsome polished nickel Watch, with ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hands, and genuine American movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. **Jewelry Co., Box 403, Toronto.**

FREE 3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a beautifully engraved gold Ring, given for selling only 10 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. Write for Perfume. Sell it, return $1.00 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **Rose Perfume Co., Box 403 Toronto.**

FREE

GOLD WATCH Lady's or Gent's size, handsomely engraved double hunting case, 14k. gold finished, stem wind and set, with reliable jewelled movement given for selling only 4 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return the money and receive your handsome watch, postpaid. **The Prize Seed Co., Box 434 Toronto, Ont.**

McGinty Watch and Chain

A most laughable novelty. The latest thing out. Looks like a handsomely engraved silver hunting-case watch with a beautiful chain and bar, but when you press the spring the case flies open, and to the surprise of all beholders up pops McGinty with a grin on his Irish face. Alert causes roars of laughter. Don't be without one. Price, 10c., postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto.

FREE 3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved Gold Ring, given for selling only 10 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return $1.00 and receive this beautiful Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **Prize Seed Co., Box 409 Toronto**

FREE LADY'S WATCH

with beautiful solid silver nickel case, stem wind and set, fancy decorated dial, gold hands and reliable imported movement, given for selling only 3 dozen large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money, and we will send this pretty and accurate Watch, postpaid. **The ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 407, Toronto.**

Free INTERNATIONAL SCHOLAR'S Bible

1585 Pages. Clear new type on fine white paper. Old and New Testaments, 531 pages helps, references, Glossary, Concordance, etc., etc., also 16 beautiful full-page engravings and 16 full-page maps in colors. Overlapping flexible Morocco Seal binding, gilt edges, rounded corners and elastic band. **Given** for selling only 2 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return $2.40, and receive this handsome Bible, postpaid. **ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 422, Toronto**

FREE

Wonderful Walking Doll Beautifully dressed in satin, cut in the latest style, and nicely trimmed with lace. She has jointed neck and arms, golden ringlets, and when wound up walks as naturally as any living child. Given for selling only 20 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume, sell it, return the money and we will send this beautiful doll, postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 418 TORONTO.**

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best Indelible Ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 10c., postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto.

Advertisements.

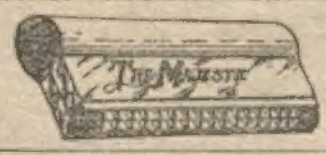
FREE CAMERA AND OUTFIT

Given for selling at 10c. each, only 10 fashionable gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This camera takes a picture 2 x 2 inches. With it any boy or girl can make good photographs. The Outfit consists of 1 box Dry Plates, 1 pkg. Hypo., 1 Printing Frame, 2 developing Trays, 1 pkg. Developer, 1 pkg. Ruby Paper, 1 pkg. Silver paper, and full Directions. Write and we mail Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send your Camera and Outfit, postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 427, TORONTO**

AIR RIFLE

FREE

for selling at 15c. each, only 16 fashionable gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This all steel long distance Air Rifle is of the best make and latest model, with nickel barrel and trimmings, globe sights, pistol grip, and polished walnut stock and shoots with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return the money and we forward this splendid weapon. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 432 TORONTO.**



FREE MOUTH ORGAN

Famous Majestic concert style, powerful sweet tone, extension ends, brass lining and handsomely decorated silver nickel sides and resonator, given for selling, at 15c each, only 2 Fashionable Gold Finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoises, etc. **They sell like Hot Cakes.** Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Mouth Organ postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 428, TORONTO.**

SILK REMNANTS

By special arrangement with large manufacturers we have been able to purchase an enormous quantity of beautiful Silk Remnants and propose giving a great bargain in silk to the lady readers of this paper who are interested in making fancy pin cushions, scarfs, sofa pillows and many other beautiful and ornamental articles. Each piece is a different design, carefully trimmed, of good size, and will surprise and astonish all who receive them. Hundreds have taken the trouble to write us their thanks, adding that they received five times the actual quantity expected, measured in square inches. Beats any package ever offered. We positively guarantee absolute satisfaction. One large package postpaid, 15c. silver. Two for 25c. **MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., Box 401 Toronto.**

100-Presents FREE to BOYS-GIRLS-LADIES-

A FREE PRESENT FOR ONE HOUR'S WORK

Our Rose, Violet and Heliotrope Perfume packages at 10c. each are the wonder of the day. Being large manufacturers, selling direct through agents alone enables us to offer this perfume at such a remarkably low price. The packages are beautifully decorated with lovely designs of flowers and leaves in silver, five colors, and are filled with delicately fragrant perfume, warranted to last for years. EVERYBODY WILL BUY. NO MONEY NEEDED. WE TRUST YOU. Send your name and address and we mail 10 packages of perfume, postpaid. Sell at 10c. each. Send us the $1.00 you receive, and we will forward the premium you earn and select from our large Illustrated Premium List, showing hundreds of elegant premiums. Write to-day. ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 423 TORONTO.

$2.35 ELECTRIC BATTERY

THE GREAT HOME CURER. NOT ONE CENT TO PAY TILL YOU SEE IT.

Send us your name, address, and express office, and we will send this Electric Machine for examination. When it arrives, test it thoroughly, and if found perfectly satisfactory, and in every way equal to Batteries regularly sold at from $5.00 to $10.00, pay the express agent our special bargain price, $2.35 and express charges, and you will have one of the finest batteries ever made. This is a genuine Magneto-Electric Generator, with permanently magnetized field, armature wound with over 100 feet of silk insulated wire, German Silver Current Regulator, polished hardwood base and nickel-plated electrodes attached with insulated conductor cords. It is well constructed, all parts perfectly made and handsomely finished. There are no chemicals needed. **The first cost is the only cost. It never wears out.** Easy to operate—a child can use it. You simply hold the electrodes in the hands or apply them to any part of the body, turn the crank and a strong current of Electricity is generated, which can be suited to the most delicate organism or made powerful enough to overcome the strongest man. **A Home Curer.** There is hardly any disease that Electricity will not either cure or greatly relieve. It affords instant relief in cases of Apoplexy, Meningitis, Paralysis, Neuralgia, and all other nervous affections, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, etc., etc. Cure yourself and save big Doctor's Bills. Our Battery is also a great entertainer. You can have no end of fun with it giving shocks to your friends, a dozen of them at a time if you like, and performing other amusing and instructive electrical experiments. Full instructions for medical and other uses sent with each Battery. Remember, you don't pay one cent till you see it. Order to-day. **JOHNSTON & CO., BOX 401 Toronto.**

BARGAINS IN LACE REMNANTS.

Here is a chance to get valuable, rich and elegant Lace for almost nothing. Having bought a big lot of laces at about a tenth of their real value, we are able to offer some most astonishing bargains. We put up large assorted packages, including some of the finest White Laces, Linen Torchon Laces in exquisite patterns, Spanish and Languedoc Cream Laces, Black Chantilly Laces, Guipure, Valenciennes, Oriental and American Laces, Swiss Embroidery Trimmings, etc., etc. Just the thing for trimming underwear, dresses, aprons, pillow-shams, tidies, etc. We send these Laces in various lengths from two yards up to four and five yards. Do not fail to take advantage of this grand chance to secure big bargains in fine Laces. Price per package, 25c; or 3 packages for 50c., postpaid. Mail Order Supply Co., Box 401 Toronto, Ont.

FREE PIANO DULCIMER

With a regular keyboard, and a beautiful case, elegantly ornamented with flowers and leaves. Clear, sweet tone. Given for selling only 10 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume, sell it, return the money and we will send you this beautiful Piano. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 414 TORONTO.**

Magic Lantern

With powerful adjustable lenses, showing dozens of comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc., given for selling at 15c each, only 8 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for pins. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. Jewelry Co., Box 419 Toronto.

EARN THIS WATCH

By selling only 2 dozen Glass Pens at 10c. each. These wonderful Pens are made of one piece of glass with colored holder and fluted nib. They never wear out and will write a page with one dip of ink. Write and we mail Pens. Sell them, return money, and we send, postpaid this handsome Watch with polished nickel case, ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hand, keyless wind and genuine American lever movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. TOLEDO PEN CO., Box 466 Toronto, Can.

FREE GRAPHOPHONE

Given for selling at 15c. each, only 2 doz. fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This wonderful instrument is made by the famous Columbia Phonograph Co., of New York and Paris. With it we send five Selections as follows: Speech; "Song of sixpence"; "The Mocking Bird"; Imitations of Robins, Tree Toads, Turkeys, Chickens, Ostriches, etc.; and Cornet Solo, "Dixie Land." Write for Pins. Sell them, return the money and we send this splendid Graphophone and Outfit with complete instructions. **Jewelry Co., Box 419 Toronto.**